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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*; with Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. 1833. 4to. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

THE great popularity of the *Scrap-Book* for 1832 has rightly encouraged the publication of another volume, still more pleasingly enriched with interesting works of art, and still more beautifully illustrated by the pen of the poet. It was happily said of Goldsmith, *nullum quod tibi non ornabit*; and if ever the same eulogy was applicable to another writer, it is eminently due to the sweet, the touching, and the varied strains of L. E. L. We know not how to express our admiration of her genius; though the remark is rather excited by the peculiar nature of the volume before us, than justified by it in the ample degree which it is where the theme is imagined, not given, and the original conceptions of her mind expanded upon a single and congenial subject. But it is still very surprising to us to see such a performance as this, produced in such a way. Thirty-six engravings of every description are offered to the fancy of the writer; and upon each something of general interest is expected. The task appears to us to be a literary series like the labours of Hercules;—at least, we feel that to illustrate one or two prints with any degree of talent would be enough for the generality even of favourite authors. Perhaps increase of ability may grow with its expenditure, as increase of appetite with what it feeds on; but of both we are doubtful; and we can only impute L. E. L.'s prolific effusion of poetical pathos, thought, and beauty, over these pictures, to the possession of an inexhaustible store of intellect and imagination.

Our selections shall be made to justify this panegyric; for as far as merit is concerned, there is no matter which of the poems we take for our examples.

We begin, however, with Admiral Collingwood; a stirring description of naval feeling, and a splendid portraiture of a true British hero.

"Methinks it is a glorious thing

To sail upon the deep:  
A thousand sailors under you,  
Their watch and ward to keep:

To see your gallant battle-flag  
So scornfully unrolled,  
As scarcely did the wild wind dare  
To stir one crimson fold:

To watch the frigates scattered round,  
Like birds upon the wing;  
Yet know they only wait your will—  
It is a glorious thing.

Our admiral stood on the deck,  
And looked upon the sea;  
He held the glass in his right hand,  
And far and near looked he:

He could not see one hostile ship  
Abroad upon the main;  
From east to west, from north to south,  
It was his own domain.

'Good news is this for Old England,'  
Forth may her merchants fare;  
Thick o'er the sea, no enemy  
Will cross the pathway there.

A paleness came upon his cheek,  
A shadow to his brow;  
Alas! our good Lord Collingwood,  
What is it ails him now?

Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,  
Each softer pulse is stirred;  
It is the sickness of the heart,  
Of hope too long deferred.

He's pining for his native seas,  
And for his native shore;  
All but his honour he would give,  
To be at home once more.

He does not know his children's fare;  
His wife might pass him by;  
He is so altered, did they meet,  
With an unconscious eye:

He has been many years at sea,  
He's worn with wind and wave;  
He asks a little breathing space  
Between it and his grave:

He feels his breath come heavily,  
His keen eye faint and dim;  
It was a weary sacrifice  
That England asked of him.

He never saw his home again—  
The deep voice of the gun,  
The lowering of his battle-flag,  
Told him his life was done.

His sailors walked the deck and wept;  
Around them howled the gale;  
And far away two orphans knelt—  
A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light  
Our history's blazoned line,  
I know not one, brave Collingwood,  
That touches me like thine."

The next subject is Boscawle Waterfall, not far from common-place, yet how nobly is it turned to a view of Westminster Abbey, with all its fine associations!

Oh, gloomy quarry! thou dost hide in these

The tower and shrine:

The city vast, and grand, and wonderful,  
And strong, is thine.

Look at the mighty buildings of our land,  
What once were they,

Ere they rose, fashioned by the cunning hand,  
In proud array?

One fronts me now, a temple beautiful,  
Touched by the light

Which has so much of heaven—the light of eve,  
Golden and bright.

In dull relief against the cloudy sky  
These turrets rise:

Our fine old Abbey, where the dust of kings  
Tranquilly lies,

Winning the eye, amid the crowded street,  
To other thought,

Than that the haste, the noise, the changeful scene,  
Around me brought.

Mingling in air, the twin-born spires  
So nobly stand:

They seem eternal, yet they are the work,  
Man, of thy hand.

Yet must they first have in some quarry lain,  
Rude, shapeless, lone,

Until the mind of man inspired his hand  
To work in stone.

Alas! the contrast between us and what  
We can create:

That man should be so little in himself—  
His works so great!"

From the ancient cathedral pass we to the opposite—the busy, mercantile town of Liverpool, which is painted with an equal spirit; and, again, another beautiful reference introduced to the African Expedition.

"Where are they bound, those gallant ships,

That hie at anchor lie,  
Now quiet as the birds that sleep  
Beneath a summer sky.

Their white wings droop, their shadows sweep  
Unbroken o'er the deep,

As if the airy elements  
Had their own hour of sleep.

A little while the wind will rise,  
And every ship will be,

With plashing prow and shining sail,  
Afloat upon the sea.

Some will go east, and some go west,

Some to the Indian isles,  
Where Spring is lavish of her bloom,  
And Summer of her smiles;

And some will seek the latitudes  
Where northern breezes blow,  
And Winter builds a throne of ice  
Upon a world of snow.

Some will come back with plume and pearl,  
The altar and the gem;

Little do the gay weavers think  
How brave men toll for them.

The product of far distant lands,  
Nurst by far distant skies,  
Are here the triumph and reward  
Of human enterprise.

Amid the ships that bear around  
The wealth of half the world,  
Are those that, for the Quorra bound,  
Have just their sails unfurled.

Freighted with goods the new-found climes  
May envy English skill.

They bear no thunders o'er the deep  
To work our nation's will.

In peace they go, with pure intent,  
And with this noble aim—

Barbaric hordes to civilise,  
By traffic to reclaim.

They go for knowledge, and in hope  
Such knowledge may avail  
To draw the savage and unknown  
Within the social pale.

A deep and ardent sympathy  
The heart has with the bold;

The cheek is flushed, the eye is bright,  
Wherein their deeds are told:

We fall forget the conqueror's crime  
In honour of the brave.

And raise the banner and the arch,  
Although upon the grave.

But here the danger and the toil  
Of no false light have need,  
Though courage and though constancy  
Deserve the highest meed.

The dreary day, mid trackless wood,  
The lion at their side—

The gloomy night, when rocks and fogs  
Were on the faithless tide.

'Mid slavery, suffering, deserts, death,  
It has been theirs to roam.

Led onward by that general thought,  
'What will they say at home?'

Science, thy own adventures  
Again are on their way;

And but for thy most glorious hopes,  
What were our martial day?

Sail on, proud bark, a lofty aim  
It was that freighted thee;

And for their sake who tread thy decks,  
God speed thee o'er the sea!"

Tintagel Castle suggests a touching legend.

"Alone in the forest Sir Lancelot rode,  
O'er the neck of his courser the reins lightly flow'd,  
And beside hung his helmet, for bare was his brow,  
To meet the soft breeze that was fanning him now.

Beneath, the small wild flowers were many and sweet,  
And, crush'd at each step by the war-horse's feet,  
Gave forth all their fragrance; while thick overhead  
The boughs of the oak and the elm-tree were spread.

The wind stirr'd the branches, as if its low suit  
Were urged, like a lover who wakens the lute;  
And through the dark foliage came sparkling and bright,  
Like rain through the green leaves, in small gems of light.

There was stillness—not silence; for, dancing along,  
A brook went its way, like a child with a song;  
Now hidden, where rushes and water-lilies grow—  
Now clear, while white pebbles were glistening below.

Lo, bright as a vision and fair as a dream,  
The face of a maiden is seen in the stream!  
With her hair, like a mantle of gold, to her knee,  
Stands a lady as lovely as lady can be.

Few words for a love-tale—the bard's sweetest words  
Are poor beside those which each memory hoards;  
Dream of some gentle whisper, the haunted and low,  
Such as love may have murmur'd—ah, long, long ago!

She led him away to an odorous cave,  
Where the emerald spars shone like stars in the wave;  
And the green moss and violets crowded beneath,  
And the ash at the entrance hung down like a wreath.

They might have been happy, if love could but learn  
From some flowers a lesson, and like their leaves turn  
Round their own inward world, their own fragrant nest,  
Content with its sweetness, content with its rest.

But the sound of the trumpet was heard from afar,  
And Sir Lancelot rode forth again to the war;  
And the wood-nymph was left as aye woman will be,  
Who trusts her whole being, O false Love! to thee.

For months, every sun-beam that brighten'd the gloom,  
She deem'd was the waving of Lancelot's plume;  
She knew not the proud and the beautiful queen,  
Whose image was treasured as her's once had been.

There was many a dame, there was many a knight,  
Made the banks of the river like fairy-land bright;  
And among those whose shadow was cast on the tide,  
Was Lancelot kneeling near Guinevere's side.

With purple sails heavily drooping around,  
The mast and the prow with the vale lily bound;  
And tow'd by two swans, a small vessel drew near,  
But high on the deck was a pall-cover'd bier.

They row'd with their white wings the bark through the  
flood,

Till arrived at the bank where Sir Lancelot stood;  
A wind swept the river, and flung back the pall,  
And there lay a lady, the fairest of all.

But pale as a statue, like sunshine on snow,  
The bright hair seem'd mocking the cold face below:  
Sweet truntings, the blush and the smile are both fled,—  
Sir Lancelot weeps as he kneels by the dead.

And these are love's histories; a vow and a dream,  
And the sweet shadow passes away from life's stream:  
Too late we awake to regret—but what test  
Can bring back the waste to our hearts and our years!

A mere portrait, that of Sir Thomas Lawrence,  
awakens the poet's love of art; and the  
transition from its living practice to its origin  
is exquisitely made.

"Divinest art, the stars above  
Were fated on thy birth to shine;  
Oh, born of beauty and of love,  
What early poetry was thine!

The softness of Ionian night  
Upon Ionian summer lay,  
One planet gave its vesper light,  
Enough to guide a lover's way  
And gave the fountain as it play'd  
The semblance of a silvery shower,

And as its waters fell, they made  
A music meet for such an hour:  
That, and the tones the gentle wind  
Won from the leaf, as from a lute,  
In natural melody combined,

Now that all ruder sound was mute;  
And odours floated on the air,  
As many a nymph had just unbound  
The wreath that braided her dark hair,  
And flung the fragrant tresses round.

Pillow'd on violet leaves, which prest  
Fill'd the sweet chamber with their sighs,  
Lull'd by the lyre's low notes to rest,  
A Grecian youth in slumber lies;  
And at his side a maiden stands,

The dark hair braided on her brow,  
The lute within her slender hands,  
But hush'd is all its music now;  
She would not wake him from his dreams,  
Although she has so much to say,  
Although the morning's earliest beams  
Will see her warrior far away;

How fond and earnest is the gaze  
Upon these sleeping features thrown,  
She who yet never dared to raise  
Her timid eyes to meet his own.

She bends her lover's rest above,  
Thoughtful with gentle hopes and fears,  
And that unutterable love  
Which never yet spoke but in tears!

She would not that those tears should fall  
Upon the cherish'd sleeper's face;  
She turns, and sees upon the wall  
Its imaged shade, its perfect grace.

With eager hand she mark'd each line—  
The shadowy brow, the arching head—  
Till some creative power divine  
Love's likeness o'er love's shadow spread.

Since then, what passion and what power  
Has dwelt upon the painter's art!  
How has it soothed the absent hour,  
With looks that wear life's loveliest part!

O, painter of our English isle,  
Whose name is now upon my line,  
Who gave to beauty's blush and smile  
All that could make them most divine!

The fair Ionian's ancient claim  
Was never paid, till paid by thee,  
And thou didst honour to her name,  
By shewing what her sex can be."

As if to try the author's powers, there are  
several East Indian views in this volume, but  
these powers are adequate to any difficulty;  
and we conclude with the lines on Sarnat, a

ruined Booth temple, full of philosophical re-  
flection.

"Dim faith of other times, when earth was young,  
And eager in belief; when men were few,  
And felt their nothingness; not then elate  
With numbers, science, and the victories  
Which history registers o'er vanquish'd time—  
For time is vanquish'd by discovery,  
By arts which triumph over common wants,  
By knowledge, which bequeaths the following age  
All that its predecessor sought and won.  
But thou, O ancient creed, hast nought of this!  
Others have given immortality  
To their bold founders: he who worshipp'd fire,  
And taught the Magi how to read the stars,  
The Persian Zoroaster, left a name;  
And he, too, of the crescent and the sword,  
Who stemlike swept on his appointed way,  
Is still his followers' war-cry. These beliefs  
Are obvious in their workings: we can trace  
The one great mind that set the springs in play,  
By which the human puppets rise and fall.  
Ambition, avarice, cruelty, and fear,  
The natural inmates of the heart in man,  
Are stir'd by some adventurer, who knows  
How superstition can be made the bond  
To fetter thousands: I can understand  
The rise and progress of such earthly creed.  
O, vanity of vanities is writ  
Upon all things of earth—but what can wear  
The writing on its forehead like this shrine?  
It is a mighty thing to teach mankind  
A new idolatry, to bind the weak  
In their own fancies, to incite the strong  
By high imaginations, future hopes,  
Which fill the craving in all noble hearts  
For things beyond themselves, beyond their sphere.  
All human gifts must concentrate in him  
Who can originate a new belief—  
The fiery eloquence that stirs the soul,  
The poetry that can create a world  
More lovely than our own, and body forth,  
Its glorious creation, and yet blend  
This fine enthusiasm with an eye  
Worldly and keen, which sees in others' faults,  
Fracilities, and follies, but the many means  
Which work to its own ends: yet, out on pride!  
Such men may live, fulfil their destiny,  
Fill a whole land with temples and with tombs,  
And yet not leave a record of their fame;  
Forgotten utterly; and of their faith,  
No memory, but fallen monuments,  
Haunted by dim tradition."

With these six specimens we submit our  
critical opinion and the work to public judg-  
ment, fully convinced that the decision upon  
the author will be in our words,—  
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

*Statistics of France.* By Lewis Goldsmith.  
8vo. pp. 336. London, 1832. Hatchard  
and Son.

THIS volume contains more actual information  
respecting France than almost if not all the  
other works treating of that country with which  
we happen to be acquainted. Mr. Goldsmith  
may have his own political views; but he is  
not a partisan, writing entirely on one side, and  
distorting every thing, to blacken those whom  
he opposes, and make demigods of those with  
whom he agrees and acts. But, besides, he  
has bestowed much research upon every branch  
of his subject; and having had recourse to the  
most authentic official documents, his informa-  
tion on many important points is of great  
national interest: national not only as applying  
to France, but to the rest of Europe, whose  
condition is intimately blended with the political  
temper and means of that country.

Having thus briefly noticed the general merits  
of this volume, we shall endeavour to afford  
our readers some idea of its value; but in doing  
so, we must confess our inability within the  
compass of a Review even to enter upon many  
of the questions, discussions, and statements of  
the highest public interest. On the contrary,  
we must be content to touch, and that but  
lightly, on the more popular topics, and leave  
the tabular details, &c. of a more abstruse  
character, to be studied in the work itself.  
In a preface Mr. Goldsmith casts a *coup-d'œil*  
over recent events, from which we select the  
following quotations, treating of men and things

rendered particularly important by the appoint-  
ment of the new ministry now on the tapis.

"From the restoration till 1830 I found  
France flourishing and prosperous—her reve-  
nues, commerce, and industry, in a progressive  
state of increase. The country, blessed with  
an excellent climate, a fruitful soil, and com-  
paratively free from taxes, was universally  
admitted to be one of the happiest in Europe.  
But how does the case stand now? The  
reader will see that there has been every year  
since the revolution of 1830 a deficit in the  
revenue;\* commerce has decreased, and con-  
fidence in the commercial world is paralysed.  
This year there will probably be a further  
falling off in the revenue. The cholera has  
extended its ravages over half the kingdom,  
and four departments have been suffering  
under the horrors of civil war:—nay, it will  
be a question whether the inhabitants of these  
departments can be compelled to pay taxes,  
after the illegal measures of government exer-  
cised towards them: at least, in refusing to  
pay them they will be supported by the doc-  
trines of the liberals during the Polignac ad-  
ministration, which were, that should ministers  
violate the charter, no one ought to pay taxes.  
The measures adopted by government in June  
1832 have been judicially declared to be a  
violation of the charter. \* \* \*

"On the second restoration, in consequence  
of the conduct of the partisans of Napoleon,  
the king might have abolished the charter al-  
together; and who could have blamed him for  
it? Nothing of the kind, however, was done  
or thought of; but no sooner was the king  
again seated on his throne, than a regular  
system of treason was organised. Lyons and  
Grenoble were in a state of open rebellion;  
the authors were brought to trial and executed;  
this, however, did not quench the spirit of  
treason. A few years afterwards a rebellion  
was regularly organised at Saumur, at Colmar,  
at Strasburgh, and in many other places. A  
few of the leaders suffered the penalty of their  
crime, such as General Berton at Saumur,  
Colonel Caron at Strasburgh, a sub-lieutenant,  
Bories, and two others, at Paris, for the con-  
spiracy of La Rochelle. The Duc de Berry  
was assassinated by a fanatic who had been  
employed as a sadder in the stables of Bona-  
parte. Two men were sent to the galleys who  
let off fire-works in the dead of night under  
the windows of the Duchess de Berry's bed-  
chamber, to frighten her at the time she was  
pregnant of the Duc de Bordeaux. Secret  
societies were established in every town of  
France in the spirit of the *carbonari*, under the  
specious title of *Aide-toi, le Ciel t'aidera*. As  
to the press, nothing could have been more  
violent; no matter who was minister, whether  
De Richelieu, Decazes, De Villèle, De Marti-  
gnac, or De Polignac:—nay, the minister who  
was most abused by the so-called liberal papers  
was M. Decazes, than whom a more enlightened  
and liberal man, in the best sense of these  
words, is not in existence. This I do not ad-  
vance from hearsay, but from long personal  
acquaintance. All parties admit that no mi-  
nister in France since the restoration displayed  
so much talent in the finance department as  
M. Villèle; and for a time no minister was  
more popular: but ministerial popularity in  
France is never of long duration. Discontent  
gradually increased, and at length the elections  
of 1827 threatened to leave him in a minority.  
He in consequence retired from office in Jan.  
1828. Soon after his retirement, a pitiful effort

\* How many does our author mean to say there has  
been?—*Ed. L. G.*

was made in the Chamber of Deputies to stigmatise his ministry as 'deplorable.' But his very adversaries have since done him justice: no longer ago than the 16th of January, 1832, M. Pagès, a deputy of the extreme gauche, pronounced in the chamber those words I have given as a motto; the prosperity there spoken of undoubtedly commenced with M. de Villèle's administration.\* The Martignac ministry, which succeeded that of M. de Villèle, soon felt that they were not on a bed of roses!"

"I believe I have produced facts sufficient to prove that the throne of Charles X. had for some time been tottering—his ordonnances crushed it. But the glorious revolution of 1830 did not produce all the happiness that was expected from it. Those of the actors who obtained lucrative situations under the new management, allowed the performances to go on quietly; but such as could not obtain engagements began to grumble, down to the scene-shifters and candle-suffers. And as to the audience, the sovereign, 'the setters-up and pullers-down of kings,' they, God help them, soon discovered the truth of Montaigne's observation—'*Le peuple est une bête, que chacun monte à son tour.*' In other parts of the world a revolution is considered a catastrophe—but in France it is regarded as a luxury. It is, therefore, a little unreasonable for Frenchmen to grumble when they find the taxes increase, and that the new government is not a cheap one. Every class of people, especially in Paris, has felt, more or less, that the change of the elder for the younger branch has not produced the benefit expected from it: no wonder, then, that the ministries since the revolution of 1830 have not pleased the people, seeing that not the ministers alone, but the monarchy they serve, owe their existence to an explosion of the popular will. The first administration, including the names of the Duke de Broglie, Count Molé, and M. Guizot, refused either to lead or to follow the party of the '*mouvement*;' and in consequence, although men of undoubted talents, soon lost their popularity. It was only, however, a domestic '*mouvement*' to which they were opposed—for they did not scruple to interfere in the affairs of Spain, Belgium, and Germany. This doctrinaire ministry was succeeded by that of Messrs. Lafitte, Barthe, Ménilhon, and Montalivet, who were not so sternly opposed to the *laissez aller* of the revolution. The change, however, did not prevent the riots which occurred on the trial of the ministers of Charles X., whose murder was loudly called for by the *ci-devant* supporters of the new government. On that occasion M. Montalivet behaved most gallantly in defending the prisoners against the mob. The new ministry, in its turn, became unpopular, and had only a four months' existence, when M. Casimir Périer became the head of the cabinet. During his career, which was fourteen months, there were also many *émutes*; but it must be admitted that appearances were preserved of order and good government. The cholera and anxiety, however, put an end to M. Périer. He was detested by his liberal adversaries, because he admitted that the revolution of 1830 was not based upon the principle of the 'sovereignty of the people.' And M. Royer-Collard, in the oration he delivered at the minister's funeral, declared what was true, that M. Périer 'did not court the revolution of 1830.' Soon after M. Périer's death, a new revolu-

tionary era commenced by a *coup d'état* on the part of the government. Four of the western departments had been, with little intermission, since the revolution of 1830, in a state of open hostility against the new government. The liberals of the Chamber of Deputies, and their partisans in the newspapers, particularly the *Courrier Français* and the *Constitutionnel*, called vehemently on government to put those departments in a state of siege, and so to place their inhabitants in effect beyond the pale of the law. This liberal demand was complied with; but the editors of the Paris journals did not suppose that ministers would dare to treat the Parisians with as much severity as they did the Vendéens. At the funeral of General Lamarque, on the 5th June, 1832, *Vive la république! vive Napoléon II!* and *vive la liberté!* were shouted by thousands. Red flags, the symbol of anarchy during the reign of terror, were openly displayed by men on foot and on horseback. The people, the military, and the national guards, were killing each other as fast as they could. This carnage commenced on the evening of the 5th, and continued till four o'clock the following afternoon, when tranquillity was generally restored. On the 6th, early in the morning, police agents and soldiers entered the printing-offices of the *Tribune*, a liberal, the *Courrier de l'Europe* and the *Quotidienne*, two royalist newspapers, and, before the papers were even printed, seized the types, broke the presses, and committed every kind of devastation—arresting the editors, compositors, pressmen, and, in short, every one they met with. M. Bérard, editor of the *Canevas*, was sent to prison handcuffed, chained to a common thief. So much for the liberty of the press, and for the security of newspaper property under a charter, which says—'All Frenchmen have the right to publish and print their opinions; the censorship is for ever abolished.' But a still greater outrage was reserved for the gentlemen of the French press. It has already been stated that order was restored on the 6th: to the great astonishment of every one, however, excepting those who are acquainted with the freaks of Bonapartean liberty, a royal ordinance appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 7th, declaring Paris in a state of siege! \* \* \*

"The ordinance of the 7th of June was but an *alter idem* of those of Charles X.; but the patriotic deputies on the latter occasion acted more coolly; indeed, the weather was not so hot in June 1832 as it was in July 1830. Those who had obtained places under the new government thought the late ordinance constitutional—the ministers of Charles X. thought their's even legal. The disinterested patriots who are yet unprovided for, made no stir: one had a *migraine*, went to bed, and took camomile; another had an indigestion, kept his room, and took tisane; a third having over-exerted himself at the close of the session, his lungs became affected—it was therefore natural enough that he should go into the country to take asses' milk! Such, at least, in sober seriousness, were the reasons assigned for this unwonted instance of discretion. Three liberals of the first water, against whom warrants were issued—Messrs. Cabot, Laboussière, and Garnier Pagès, all members of the Chamber of Deputies, and *ordonnateurs* of the funeral of Gen. Lamarque, kept out of the way till the siege was taken off, when they surrendered to the civil magistrates:

'The better part of valour is discretion.'

An attempt was made, under pretence of an old law of 1764, to make spies of the surgeons,

by ordering them to give notice to the police of the patients they attended for recent wounds. To their honour be it stated, the surgeons resisted this mandate; and the legal authorities did not venture to enforce it. Even the proprietors of the puppet-shows were ordered to send a programme of their exhibitions to the police.

"The late disturbances were but an echo of the others: the riots of July, called 'the three glorious days,' succeeded and ended in a revolution. The riots in June, in consequence of their failure, are called 'the two inglorious days,' and the rioters, instead of being decorated with ribbons, are sent to the galleys.

'But treason never succeeds; Pray, what's the reason? If it succeeds, why, none dare call it treason.'

"I cannot blame a government for defending itself when attacked. The French are proverbially difficult to manage. If the late ordinance had been promulgated during the riots, while the streets were blocked up by barricades, and the city in the hands of the mob, the ministers might have justified themselves on the plea of necessity. If we except the periods when Louis XI., Cardinal Richelieu, and Napoleon, ruled France, the country has constantly been exposed to convulsion. And for the welfare of a country in which I have long resided, sometimes not unhappily, I fear that no government will ever be able to maintain itself long. A late noble foreign secretary, who was formerly employed in a high diplomatic capacity on the continent, may recollect what Fouché said to him at Paris in 1814, as to the instability of all governments in France, and the probability that in less than twenty years the country would split itself into twenty republics. The fact is, the only idea Frenchmen have of liberty is to upset the existing government—no matter what follows: they have always said, and still say, that they know very well what they don't like, though not quite agreed about what they do. As soon as a government is changed, they instantly cry for war. Immediately after the revolution of 1830, and before the government was tolerably settled, they said—'We must destroy the treaties of 1815.' To-day they want the limit of the Rhine—to-morrow the Vistula. If the new government hesitates to comply with their ravings, then plots, conspiracies, and *émutes*, are the order of the day! To such a state of things is France reduced. Liberty they care not a jot about—or rather, they have no practical idea of its meaning, always mixing up the grossest despotism with the sacred name of liberty. \* \* \* The cause of the turbulence of the present French generation is, that every man—nay, every half-educated youngster—thinks himself as qualified as a Jeremy Bentham to become a manufacturer of constitutions. Of course this description of persons, no matter of what country, are always desirous of change. The great Frederic judged well of their character when he said, that if he were disposed to punish any of his provinces, he would send a reformer to govern them. And what have these late changes in France led to? I think the question is fairly answered by the following epitaph on a tomb-stone of one of the 'heroes of July:'

'Passant! va dire à l'Europe

Que nous sommes morts

Pour enrichir une centaine de pieds-plats."

We have quoted these passages, neither as adopting them, defending all their opinions, nor imputing them, but simply as the remarks of a very intelligent person, residing within the sphere he describes, and enjoying better

\* "L'empire nous donna la gloire sans modèle. La restauration nous donna la prospérité sans exemple. La gloire est tombée avec l'empire, la prospérité est tombée avec la restauration."



opportunities than almost any other individual of acquiring a correct knowledge of characters, of events, and of their motives and springs. We shall now endeavour to relieve their political-ness by a few anecdotes, which are introduced into the inquiry into the criminal code, punishments, prisons, &c., the misery and depravity of which are beyond the powers of language to paint. Mr. G. says:—

“The personal history and adventures of a few inmates of the receptacles of vice, might better, perhaps, be consigned to some parallel to the Newgate Calendar, than be offered as an illustration of the statistics of crime and punishment. The following, however, will perhaps be accepted by the reader as a relief from the dry details with which he has hitherto been occupied. As titled persons have always precedence, we shall begin with the history of the Count Pontes de St. Helena, a well-known robber, without diplomacy! This man's name is Cognard; his parents were honest industrious people, and gave him a decent education, which did not, however, prevent his quitting the paternal roof to become a robber. For some offence he was condemned to the galleys at Toulon for ten years, and branded. From thence he made his escape into Spain, where he joined the French army in 1809. He remained there till the conclusion of the war, having by his bravery and abilities obtained the rank of major-general in the army, and the decoration of the legion of honour. Knowing that a Frenchman of the name of Count Pontes de St. Helena had died in Spain without heirs, he usurped his name and title. On his return to France after the peace, he remained in the army. In 1819 he came with his regiment to Paris, where he had been about eight or nine months, when a circumstance took place which tarnished the blushing honours of *Monsieur le Comte*. In a riot which took place in the streets of Paris, the general, who had always been considered a *sabreur*, struck an individual with the back of his sword; the man looking him in the face, at once recognised him as a brother convict at Toulon. He immediately gave information to the police, who kept a strict eye upon him, and he was discovered to be the person. Government would probably not have punished the *soi-disant* count for having escaped from the galleys; but the police discovered that the noble count had not forgot his old habits, as it appeared he was at the head of a band of robbers, and profiting from his easy access into houses of the first distinction, he carried on for a time his depredations even on the property of his hosts, with a dexterity that frustrated the keenest observation of the agents of the police. He had a *maitresse*, whom he passed off for his sister, and who was his accomplice in his robberies. On these fresh charges he was convicted and sentenced to the galleys at Brest for life.”

Gasparini.—“At Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting travellers under contribution might have furnished the facetious Grimaldi himself with a banditti scene in a pantomime. This hero was for some years the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers. Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, has never been accused of wanton cruelty. He some years ago undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing at nightfall through a wood; here he drew up his forces, which literally consisted, not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half-a-dozen of well-stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, presented arms, and other appendages well suited to inspire the travellers

with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postillion to stop; he then made the conductor and the passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointing to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the wood, desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers:—“Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend on it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear.” This modern Rolando was sentenced to hard labour for life in the galleys. It appeared on the trial, that when the gendarmes went to scour the wood, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers who appeared determined to stand their ground: they summoned them to surrender, and on receiving no reply, fired a volley, and then attacked the *manikins* sword in hand: of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke!”

Collette, a *soi-disant* Bishop.—“This right reverend robber was born of poor parents, and was brought up in a convent. As a lay brother he accompanied a bishop into Italy, where he remained a considerable time. He at length quitted Italy, and contrived to make a booty of the bishop's robes, and returned to France. He passed himself off for his patron, visited several dioceses; and acted his part so well, that for a length of time he profited by his assumed holy character, and, though without revenues, managed to make a respectable appearance. He, however, fell under the suspicion of the police of Bonaparte, was arrested, and tried for forgery (having signed the name of the bishop he lived with), and was sent to the galleys for life. The following is his own account of himself. “I was brought up by a priest, but I cannot enter on the details of all my intrigues prior to my filling the functions of a bishop. I was led to the performance of this high character by the most extraordinary circumstances; and so long as I held this dignity I did all the good which lay in my power. I gave alms, I allowed the poor to approach me with facility. My vicars-general sometimes were dissatisfied at my liberality, as they found I became too popular. I was desirous of visiting the sick and distressed, but the chapter represented to me that I might dispense with this trouble, by reposing on its zeal and its desire to merit my benediction. These good priests were excellent courtiers; they anticipated all my wants, and even excited in my mind new desires. Finding it was so easy a burden to bear the mitre and crosier, I made my mind up to retain my post as long as it was possible. Being asked if he found no difficulty in fulfilling all the duties attached to the ceremonies of the church, ‘Not in the least,’ he answered. ‘I always took special care to speak in a very low voice; and you know, when one is a bishop, the clergy as well as the laity find that we do every thing to admiration; and even one day that I ordained a number of young seminarists, I felt not the slightest embarrassment. My vicars, surrounding me, anticipated all that was necessary to be done by me; and, by my faith, I managed the affair very well. At night I gave a sumptuous dinner, and I can assure you that not one of my visitors even entertained an idea that I had been wanting in the solemnity. On the contrary, they praised my serious deportment, the dignity with which I gave my benediction; nay, they even extolled my physiognomy, although you see it is none of the happiest.”

We shall probably return to Mr. Goldsmith,

and a partial digest of some of his other chapters: in the meantime, mingling personal gossip and a little, not inexcusable and certainly very characteristic, egotism with his graver matter, we must say that we have found his lucubrations both entertaining and instructive.

*The Spanish Novelists: a Series of Tales from the Earliest Periods to the Close of the Seventeenth Century.* Translated from the Originals, with Biographical and Critical Notices, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., editor of the “Italian Novelists.” 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bentley.

MR. ROSCOE has executed his laborious task with the same judgment and ability which characterised his translations from the Italian. The tales are very various, though some of them, “The Visions of Quevedo,” “The Test of Friendship,” &c. &c. are already familiar to English readers. Most of the stories are too long for quotation; but the following, a Spanish John of Lyann, is of a suitable length. The cavalier in question has quite exhausted his resources.

“Here was a sad revolution in Don Pablo's affairs, and it proved a great hindrance to his studies, in which he had always shewn a decided predilection for the theory, in preference to the practice of the law. He imagined himself already seized and incarcerated for debt, and that he was become the jest of all the place, particularly of the students, who would be infinitely amused at the notoriety of his adventures. For this reason, he took speedy leave of his companion, and sought shelter among the shady elms and poplar-trees that skirt the banks of the river Henares, till he arrived at a little wood, in which he soon disappeared. But not yet thinking himself secure enough from the searching eye of the alguazils—suspecting even the fidelity of his late companion, he mounted into a lofty poplar, whose thick umbrageous arms completely sheltered him from public view. Having found a secure seat, he there first gave himself up to his melancholy forebodings, in which he was doomed to beguile his time until the shades of evening should afford him safer escort to proceed on his way. He was bent on flying as far as possible from Alcalá and his creditors, though he felt assured they would hold him in so much respect as not to meddle with much of his substance during his absence, which he meant should continue some special long time. He now repented of his extreme folly, and prayed heartily that in future he might be endowed with grace to conduct himself with more prudence and discretion. In this perplexed state of idle repentance, weak resolutions, and hearty prayers to be released from his manifold difficulties and anxiety, he continued to ruminate some time. He was first roused by the sound of footsteps, and, looking out sharply from his concealment, he saw a well-dressed elderly man, well known to him, and a native of Alcalá. His name was Rosino, a most industrious genius, who had contrived to raise himself from nothing to a respectable and even lucrative condition; for he had married his daughter to a man of letters, and established his two sons in a promising way, if they would only have turned out half as good as their father. One, however, assumed the air of a bully; the other became a gambler; and, in short, what the father had amassed by long economy and cudgelling of his brains, his hopeful sons dissipated by bringing themselves into all kinds of scrapes and excesses. The sagacious old gentleman, seeing the speed at which he was going down hill, after all his efforts in



climbing up it, judged it would be wise to stop a little short of the bottom. 'At this rate,' thought he, 'what will become of me when I am an old man'—(he was not then quite seventy)! 'My dear, blessed, and long-saving wife is dead and gone, and I can no longer keep my house together against the violence of these scape-graces: they would ruin a nation. Alas!' he continued, 'they have turned it almost inside out! There is no one now that cares to lay by a single shilling—nay, by heavens, they have broken through stone walls and locks, and ransacked all my drawers and boxes! They have stripped me nigh to the skin. Yet why talk only of my spendthrift sons?—there is my son-in-law, a man of letters, my daughter, and ten grand-children, all as greedy as the rest; and when they come to see me, it is only for what each and all can carry away with them. I live in continued hot water. Like an old soldier on active service, I have to fight to the last, surrounded by inveterate enemies. Yes, I shall be ruined! I see it as plainly as that poplar-tree—(here our hero drew in his breath)—there is nothing left for it but to steal my own money, and hide as much of it as I can get!' In this way the old man went on lamenting himself, much to the edification of the student; at the same time proceeding to count out of a large yellow bag, one by one, a thousand crowns in hard gold. He had come to the resolution of concealing them in the thickest part of the wood, where no wicked relations would have any further chance of finding them. So, cautiously wrapping them up in a cat-skin, which he had prepared for the purpose, in order the better to secure and protect them, he set to work to find an appropriate bank for their safe deposit. With this view, he approached the identical tree on which he had before fixed his eyes for an apt illustration of his hard case, and from whose venerable branches Don Pablo had contemplated the whole proceeding. With his usual caution, the old merchant looked earnestly round him, on every side and in every direction, except above his head; till, finding all safe and quiet, he took from his pocket a large garden-knife, and with singular dexterity began to excavate a little savings' bank at the foot of the tree. He first made some neat incisions in the green turf, which he carefully removed, and then hollowed out the earth till he had made a reasonably sized aperture, when he stooped and breathed a little from his labours. Next he took the gold, which after wistfully gazing at some moments, he still more carefully deposited in the hole, observing, at the same time: 'Heaven defend THIS at least from all evil hands; as Heaven knows it is done with good intent, to befriend a poor man in his old days, instead of his being driven to beg alms from door to door, besides saving a mass or two for his soul when he is gone, which I doubt his own sons would never have the grace to see done!' Saying these words, he proceeded to replace the earth, and refix the sward exactly in the manner he had found them. Moreover, that he might be at no loss to recognise the precise spot where he had deposited his treasure, he carved with the same knife in the bark of the said tree the following letters in large capitals, such as we see used for grand inscriptions at our cathedrals:—'HERE.' He then looked very complacently around him, as if congratulating himself on his providential labours; and returned, well satisfied with the security of his money, to rejoin his friends at Alcala. Meantime Don Pablo, intent on all that had passed, permitted the old gentleman

to go, without the slightest molestation. He even maintained his seat till evening; but then he descended from his aerial station, and forthwith began to repeat the same operation which the old man had shortly before concluded. He guessed so well, that he hit at once upon the hidden treasure, which he began to count at his leisure, and found it amounted to not less than five hundred. But the night having set in, Don Pablo was at a loss to make out whether the precious pieces were doubloons, reals, crowns, or penny-pieces. It was his good fortune, however, to find that the whole consisted of doubloons; and as to reconciling his conscience to carry them away with him, though he had some qualms, he consoled himself with the mental reservation, that he would certainly one day restore them, when somewhat less inconvenient to him than just at present. He then proceeded smartly on his way, after first inscribing, by way of rejoinder upon the tree, under the emphatic word *HERE*, the following couplets:—

'Here came one who could not see.

The man who saw him from this tree;

May fortune grant, ere long he may

The money that was stolen repay.'

'All this led Don Pablo seriously to reflect; next to repent of his errors; then to resolve, and upon good resolutions to lay the foundation of a reformed life. He grew discreet, studied hard, and avoided all undue extravagance and display. Indeed, he applied the remainder of his time at the University to such good purpose, that he rose high in credit with all classes. He succeeded so well in his profession, that in a short period he was raised to the decretal chair in the University, and was in no want of the approbation and patronage of men of rank and influence. In a very brief period he became both honoured and wealthy; acquired the reputation of a distinguished pleader, and formed a union with the daughter of a man of great landed property, so as to assure him a fixed rank and station among the chief families of Alcala. It was now Don Pablo had leisure to think of the good turn which a certain old gentleman named Rosino had once served him, as we have seen. As bound in honour, as well as in conscience, he immediately restored not only the capital with the entire interest, but did every thing to forward the interests of his family, and to oblige him in every respect. And true it was, as the old gentleman had predicted it would ensue from his graceless sons, although they had paid the forfeit. He found him begging his way from door to door; one of his sons had died, and the other met with the accident of being hanged. Moreover, he assured Don Pablo, it was a wonder he had not himself died when he returned to claim his secret treasure, and instead of it found only the said inscription upon the tree. He would certainly have hanged himself from one of its branches, but for the consolatory tenor of the last line, which held out a sort of promise of restitution. Upon this single hope he had ever since lived, and never ceased to pray, and weary Heaven that the thief might be forgiven and permitted to prosper, in order the sooner to be enabled to clear his conscience by refunding the whole sum with interest, as early as convenient. To these prayers, indeed, the old man attributed Don Pablo's sudden reformation and subsequent success; and he often declared, that unless the borrower had been honourable enough to leave his note of hand upon the tree, he should perhaps never have thought of praying for his reformation; that consequently Don Pablo would have gone on in his old

courses; have come to some bad end; and he himself, without Heaven's help, never have seen his money more.'

There are contained in this series, "Lazarillo de Tormes" and "Gusmand Alfarache," the foundations of "Gil Blas;" but never were models so improved. They contain only the ingenious tricks of the rogue and the mendicant; but Le Sage's work is an epic epigram (if we may use the expression) on all human nature.

*The Narrative of a Journey and Visit to the Metropolis of France; embracing, together with a few Incidental Reflections, a General Description and Historical Account of the Principal Places, Public Edifices, and other Remarkable Objects, which render so attractive that much-frequented and interesting Capital.* By George Clayton, jun. 12mo. pp. 95. London, 1832. Clayton.

WE once, in days of yore, enjoyed, and we believe produced, a good deal of amusement out of a volume which told of a worthy lord mayor's voyage to Oxford, to the no small delight of his literary chaplain, who preserved the memory of that great undertaking in a volume never to be forgotten so long as the Mansion House stands, or civic deeds (from John Giltin downwards) can claim the public applause. We know not if the neighbourhood be infectious; but certes, since the Rev. Mr. Dillon's work, we have seen no performance of any thing like equal merit till we perused the Narrative of George Clayton, jun., of No. 134, Cheapside.

Mr. Clayton, junior, is a conqueror in travelling: his modest epigraph is "*Veni, vidi, dash thus*—" but, in the midst of his glory, he displays a charming trait of filial affection, for his book is thus inscribed:—

"To  
Mrs. John Clayton,  
In obedience to whose request  
The following Narrative was expressly prepared,  
And is now  
Most respectfully presented,  
As the sincere, though inadequate expression  
of  
Filial affection, gratitude, and esteem,  
By her ever  
Dutiful and attached Son,  
GEORGE."

Could the mother of the Gracchi have more cause for exultation?

We next learn, by a *Preface*, that this is a second edition, which is ventured by the author "under the sanction of a confident assurance that his little book will again meet with indulgence," &c. &c.

The *Preface* is followed by an *Apology*, and the *Apology* by an *Introduction* (for though this *magnum opus* is only of ninety-five pages, there is nothing wanting of a *perfect book*); with the particulars of which we beg to make our readers acquainted. And, first, of the *Apology*:—

"To satisfy (says Mr. Clayton, jun.) the anticipated interrogation of some who, probably, will inquire from what motive or for what purpose the ensuing narrative was printed, the writer, by way of reply, begs respectfully to state, that its publication may be truly affirmed to have originated in obedient compliance to the renewed and repeated desire of several friends who requested its perusal, and the undisguised declaration of which he sincerely and deferentially hopes will prove sufficient to disarm flippant Criticism of her ungracious strictures, and disrobe forbidding Presumption of her unbecoming effrontery."

As we are neither of the flippant, critical,

nor the forbidding presumptuous school, our remarks must be the reverse of ungracious strictures or unbecoming effrontery. In truth, we love Mr. Clayton and his journal, written, as he benevolently explains, "at subsequent periods of time"—not all at once, "and in detached portions"—not all together; and which he presents "to the perusal of the reader with much humble diffidence and concomitant dissatisfaction." But, moreover, to "disrobe" unbecoming effrontery it was, he adds, "entirely prepared during those interstices of time which were not filled up with the absorbent occupation of mercantile engagements—indited from the imperfect reminiscences of a defective and rather oblivious memory—and drawn up at a season when, if not entirely obliterated, the vividness of impression had, in a great measure, considerably abated; for it will not be controverted, he presumes, that impression is a kind of inspiration highly necessary, and exceedingly helpful to infuse vivacity or impart a relevancy to those descriptions, in which are portrayed those objects, the spectacle of which was very likely to produce a varied and forcible effect upon the mind of the observer of them. Therefore, he is readily inclined to believe that his delineations will appear much after the same infelicitous condition with those of the unaided effusions of an uninspired and uninitiated scribbler, whose thoughts had never been impregnated by a draught from the sacred stream that laves the fabled mount of Helicon; or favoured with the requisite affluents or impulses of the august and venerated Nine; and whom genius, in fiction, has ever been wont to invoke as the dispensers of inspiration, as the fountains of wisdom, and as the beneficent and befriending patronesses of all who, in this manner, beseech their auspicious favour."

To which, as Sancho Panza wisely sayeth, "there can be no reply." We pass over the introduction, which is no less a fine specimen of the Claytonian style, and come at once to the important journey, when, "every necessary arrangement having been made and properly adjusted, in company with his father, mother, brother, and a friend, the narrator took his departure from Finsbury, on Monday, the 10th of August, 1829, at ten o'clock P.M., for Brighton, towards the accomplishment of the purpose as noted in the foregoing paragraph, and from which fashionable and much-frequented town, as a watering-place, some of the above party were to take ship for the French coast."

As in all prodigious efforts, something of the supernatural seemed to mingle with the common-place.

"Before our departure, for some hours previously, the weather was exceedingly stormy, but about ten o'clock the rain began to abate, and by eleven entirely ceased, and the remainder of the day became very dry, fine, warm, and favourable for travelling. After a very agreeable ride of about seven hours, we arrived in the town of Brighton by five o'clock in the afternoon, and lodged for the night in the very commodious and pleasantly situated hotel, called the White Horse."

The embarkation and voyage are touchingly described.

"Tuesday, the 11th of August.—The necessary preparations having been made, (in company with Mr. S. H., who unexpectedly joined us the preceding evening,) we proceeded to the pier, from whence we were to embark on the steam-vessel bound for the French port of Dieppe. Amongst the spectators upon the pier, awaiting the departure of the ship, we

recognised many friends, both from the metropolis, as well as from different parts of the country. Eight o'clock A.M. having arrived, the signal was given, by the firing of a small cannon, for the departure of the vessel. As the pier receded from our view, we bade adieu to our friends by the waving of our hats and the customary motion of our hands, whilst in spirit, and by ejaculatory prayer, we commended them to the protecting guardianship and all-sufficient grace of an Almighty God, by whom life given is preserved; and from whom, as the 'Author of every good and perfect gift,' every blessing in providence and grace is immediately derived. The day was sunny and cloudless; the sea was beautiful and calm; the company numerous, orderly, and agreeable. Our father was very soon afflicted with that truly painful, disagreeable, and obnoxious visitation, sea-sickness; and from which, during the whole passage, he suffered most severely. Mr. H. proved himself a good sailor, not even altering a hue in the colour of his complexion. Brother William and myself were occasionally annoyed with emetic sensations. After a most pleasant, though rather prolonged passage of eleven hours, we doubled the harbour of Dieppe by seven o'clock P.M. At the distance of about four furlongs from the port we fired a cannon, which was presently acknowledged by a French pilot entering on board our vessel, and who, according to his usual practice, steered our ship into the basin of the harbour. The pier, which projected several hundred feet from the harbour, was crowded with spectators of every class, who had assembled to observe our entrance into the port; and the sight which they presented to our view was not more singular than interesting, in that pretty and variegated appearance which was produced by the various and differently-coloured dresses of the females, who chiefly composed the throng. As soon as the vessel approached sufficiently near for the passengers to disembark, several *gens d'armes* instantly came forward, demanded our passports, inspected our coats, supervised our baggage, and examined our entire persons. After we had undergone the requisite and customary ordeal, or scrutiny, we hastened to Taylor's hotel, where we tarried till ten o'clock the following morning. Our father, who had become quite a valetudinarian in consequence of excessive sea-sickness, retired immediately to his couch; Mr. H., William, and myself partook of a late tea, which also included supper. In the dusk of the evening we perambulated the streets of Dieppe for the space of about two hours."

We do not know whether it is meant to insinuate that "our father" included Mr. H. in the family line; but if Mr. H. should write his tour, and dedicate it to his mother, we promise to take an interest in the delicate inquiry. Next morning the party mustered in almost undiminished force; for Mr. C. says—

"Personally we felt greatly refreshed and recruited by the re-invigorating slumbers of nocturnal repose, excepting our father, who still remained an invalid, arising from the sickness which the preceding day's aquatic expedition had brought on."

An account of Dieppe follows, from which we learn, that "the inhabitants are rather populous," and that "the females wear no bonnets, but in lieu of them, large linen caps, of a conical shape, and expansive magnitude, with huge flaps hanging down on each side of their face, extending laterally from the cheek-bone beyond the back of the head, and perpendicu-

larly, in height, above the pericranium a foot; and downwards, in depth, as low as the shoulders."

Among his other surveys, Mr. Clayton, who is a red-hot anti-catholic, went to matins at St. Jacques, where he saw "the priest genuflecting and gesticulating before a crucifix encased in silver, in the centre of seven candlesticks of the same metal, and presenting altogether a spectacle exceedingly unseemly, horrible, and pagan, muttering the prayers in a tone utterly inaudible."

Having got their provisional passports, our daring and adventurous countrymen set out in a diligence for Paris; and of these vehicles Mr. C. remarks:

"The diligences are the most extraordinary *voitures*, or coaches, that can possibly be imagined, and which I can only compare to a sort of three-bodied fly-waggon, which for clumsiness, magnitude, incommensurateness, and inelasticity, would surprise even to amusement, the stranger, when he first beholds them; whilst every English passenger pronounced them most execrable conveyances."

Many things excited the wonder and risibility of the intelligent travellers; and Mr. Clayton puts on the Cockney character to perfection in painting some of these oddities.

"Respecting the boots of the postilion," he humorously remarks, "the nearest comparison that I can make is, to a jappaned chimney-pot, surmounted by a cow reversed, with its top downwards, and answering by way of receptacle for the foot. The difference consists in the lustre of the chimney-pot when compared with the dirty and dingy appearance of these exceedingly curious boots. This strange spectacle was an irresistible provocation to laughter, and incentive to merriment; for only picture to yourself the grotesque figure of the postilion, and the deplorable condition of the half-starved and infirm quadrupeds, and the still more singular intertexture of the harness by which they were attached to the diligence, and propelled along by the unremitting flagellation and merciless coercion of the sanguinary thong."

How one must have laughed! But our author's observations upon French farming are of a more philosophical kind, and we strenuously recommend them to our agriculturists.

"One striking peculiarity in the mode of French farming is, that the sheaves of grain are placed with their ears downwards upon the ground, and then tied at the top with a small band of straw, which give them a pyramidal form, and rather mean appearance—a mode which differs considerably, both in shape, aspect, and elegance, from the English method of gathering up the sheaf. Whether the English method is preferable to the French I cannot pretend to determine. The reason adduced by the French farmers for this peculiar construction of their sheaves is, that the ears of grain may not be moistened by the showers of rain; and provided the rain did never descend violently, or remain long in its continuance, the reason might carry with it some validity and conclusiveness; but should the pluvial torrent precipitate strongly, and that for several hours of many successive days, so as to penetrate to the base of the sheaf, I apprehend the ears would be likely to suffer damage, to germinate or corrupt; at all events, and in all probability, they would contract an earthy taste, with the concomitancy of a disagreeable effluvia, to say nothing of the maturing rays of the sun, which assuredly, is one great advantage obtained by the method which the English far-

mers adopt in the exposure of *theirs* to the sun's ripening influence."

This comparison is almost enough to set the farmers of the two countries by "the ears."

At Rouen, our traveller, strange to say, found the church of St. Omer\*!! which is equal to our Lady of Loretto's miraculous flight any day. The cooking at the hotel was not to his taste, and he had a "mealless dinner," but made up a little by ordering tea and coffee for supper; and set off at 10 p.m. for the capital, while "Morpheus presided over nature, sound asleep." Here Mr. C. jun. becomes exquisitely poetical; he says, or rather sings, with all the pathos of a Petrarch—

"The fair moon, taking her nocturnal promenade along the cloudless azure and stellar canopy of heaven, walked in all the soft repleteness of her highest and brightest glory;—the very night, according to the fictions, tales, and romance of *imagination's* fantastic record, as would have suited a melancholic pensiveness, a sentimental solitude, a chivalrous spirit, bent on some Quixotic deed of brave adventure—just the night for maid and swain to woo and whisper love,—a night, in fine, singularly congenial to those meditative reflections, and that peculiar, inexplicable, romantic, and musing order of phantasy, or impression, or feeling, which give to

\*airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name."

Arrived at Paris, where the separation of the passengers at the Bureau, "forcibly reminding one of that notable event recorded in *Genesis*, of the confusion, and consequent dispersion, which took place amongst the confederated builders of the tower of Babel, in the plain of Shinar," only allowed them to escape to the *Hôtel des Princes*. The dinner here was equally disagreeable to Mr. C., and the party were intruded upon by an impudent German, who had been their fellow-voyager from Brighton to Dieppe, and who "offered (says Mr. C.) to conduct us to various places, and manifold sights, which he imagined demanded our observance; more particularly to conduct us to the theatres, and other haunts which he specified, of profligate frequentation;" upon which the finest moral reflection is made: "The occurrence of this circumstance taught me an important and admonitory lesson, and forcibly impressed me respecting the necessity of the precaution in future, to be very careful of manifesting too great a degree of unrequited civility, or apparent friendship (which, perhaps, we had too freely shewn towards this German), to any stranger, of whose character, habits, or life, previously, nothing could be known."

Our intelligent friend now proceeded, with all his activity, and might, and main, to inspect the lions of Paris. The Bourse pleased him much; at the Louvre he saw a valuable collection of paintings after the old masters, from different parts of the world; and beautiful marble statues, &c. produced by the *Grecian*, *Roman*, and *Athenian* chisel: at the museum of the *Jardin des Plantes*, he was astonished to discover that the building was divided into floors, and these again subdivided into rooms. The second day is almost more prolific of strange matters. "The foundation of the *Hôtel des Invalides* alone measures seventeen acres of ground!" and the warriors domiciled there enjoy every attention which their bodily infirmities require, given to them by the "*Sewer de la*

\*We rejoice to say, it seemed to have got back to St. Omer, where Mr. C. saw it, on his return, a week or ten days after. p. 76.

Charité, or nurses;" while the church, we are assured, is "for the worship of the invalids." At page 62, our author gets to be excessively particular about certain *cabinets* near the Palais Royal, the like of which we never read in any preceding tourist. The *Café de la Paix*, he tells us, is "in the form of a semicircular oval, with haunts of human depravity, in which, alas! are exercised every species of licentious profligacy. But it is time," he prudently adds, "to dismiss the description of this too fascinating and voluptuous spot."

We need not go through all the extraordinary sights seen by our curious and inquisitive countryman. *Inter alia*, he saw the whale we have since had exhibited at Charing Cross; his incubations upon which are equally original, pious, and sublime. "For what," says he, "thought I, could man do, if conspired against by *leviathans*, the slightest brandish of whose tails would instantly submerge the largest argosy; from whose nostrils seas playfully fountain forth; and whose leaps of frolicsome sport do cause even the very oceans to undulate."

Unluckily time did not allow him and William to visit "the Militaire l'Ecole;" and we must therefore content ourselves with quoting his admirable remarks on a more general topic—the fair.

"Most of the females in Paris wear no bonnets, this part of dress being used more as a distinction of rank. By the inferior orders the bonnet is never worn; by the intermediate classes very seldom; but by the higher ranks invariably. Of the higher classes of Parisians the writer cannot speak in those terms of unqualified and commendatory admiration which have been so frequently pronounced in his hearing; but, perhaps he had not the requisite opportunity that would enable him to pass a correct judgment; for neither his sentiments nor time would permit him to frequent their theatres, mingle in their circles of gaiety, or pay nocturnal visits to their most splendid *cafés*. Of those whom he saw walking about the streets, *boulevards*, gardens, *promenades*, and parks, their complexions were neither so healthy, their features so comely, their waists so slender, their figure so elegant, their persons so fine, or their attire so becoming or genteel, as those who constitute that class commonly styled the *beau monde* of English fashionables."

"To the dissipation, extravagance, and gaiety of an *écarté*, or French saloon, they shamefully victimise the delightful, lovely, and more Christianly interchanges of social life, and the observance of its moral duties and virtuous obligations. Also, politically, the Parisians are in a miserable condition, being highly incensed against the reigning king and present ministry; and the fermentation of an insurrectionary spirit was fearfully effervescing in the ebullitions of a factious press, and the occasional misrule of a turbulent and lawless outrage."

August 21.—We have to congratulate the world on the safe arrival of the author and his friends at Dover; having spent eight days in becoming so intimately acquainted with the kingdom and capital of France. How delightful is the prospect of home after such a length of absence, and such adventures! Once more at Brighton: "With the Devil's Dyke the writer was highly gratified; he considered it one of the loveliest, grandest, and most paradisaical of nature's glowing landscapes that he had ever gazed upon."

On the Tuesday following the precincts of Finsbury were again glorified by the personal

appearance of George Clayton, jun.; and the travellers were, under Providence, "permitted to greet our beloved relations, and endeared acquaintances, in the enjoyment of health and happiness, again to interchange those social reciprocities of domestic health—those affable, lovely, and amiable charities of parent, brother, sister, friend—in the departure or absence of which, the inevitable disappointments, salutary vicissitudes, and disciplinary infelicities incidental to our present probationary and sub-lunary state of existence, assuredly would be felt as doubly burdensome, afflictive, and unkind."

*Waverley Novels. Vol. XLI. Chronicles of the Canongate.* Edinburgh, 1832, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

This volume, adorned by two engravings after A. Fraser, and containing two of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, viz. the *Highland Widow* and the *Two Drovers*, and also three detached stories, which first appeared in the *Keepsake* (my Aunt Margaret's Mirror, the Tapestry Chamber, and the Laird's Jock), is made extremely interesting at this moment from an introduction, which was written by Sir Walter Scott, and is dated at Abbotsford, on his birth-day, the 15th of August, 1831, before he set out for Naples, and from which we copy the following:—

"I have, perhaps, said enough on former occasions of the misfortunes which led to the dropping of that mask under which I had, for a long series of years, enjoyed so large a portion of public favour. Through the success of those literary efforts, I had been enabled to indulge most of the tastes which a retired person of my station might be supposed to entertain. In the pen of this nameless romancer, I seemed to possess something like the secret fountain of coined gold and pearls vouchsafed to the traveller of the eastern tale; and no doubt believed that I might venture, without silly imprudence, to extend my personal expenditure considerably beyond what I should have thought of, had my means been limited to the competence which I derived from inheritance, with the moderate income of a professional situation. I bought, and built, and planted, and was considered by myself, as by the rest of the world, in the safe possession of an easy fortune. My riches, however, like the other riches of this world, were liable to accidents, under which they were ultimately destined to make unto themselves wings and fly away. The year 1825, so disastrous to many branches of industry and commerce, did not spare the market of literature; and the sudden ruin that fell on so many of the booksellers, could scarcely have been expected to leave unscathed one whose career had of necessity connected him deeply and extensively with the pecuniary transactions of that profession. In a word, almost without one note of premonition, I found myself involved in the sweeping catastrophe of the unhappy time, and called on to meet the demands of creditors upon commercial establishments, with which my fortunes had long been bound up, to the extent of no less a sum than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The author having, however rashly, committed his pledges thus largely to the hazards of trading companies, it behoved him, of course, to abide the consequences of his conduct, and, with whatever feelings, he surrendered on the instant every shred of property which he had been accustomed to call his own. It became vested in the hands of gentlemen, whose integrity, prudence, and intelligence,



were combined with all possible liberality and kindness of disposition, and who readily afforded every assistance towards the execution of plans, in the success of which the author contemplated the possibility of his ultimate extrication, and which were of such a nature, that, had assistance of this sort been withheld, he could have had little prospect of carrying them into effect. Among other resources which occurred, was the project of that complete and corrected edition of his *Novels and Romances*, (whose real parentage had of necessity been disclosed at the moment of the commercial convulsions alluded to,) which has now advanced with unprecedented favour nearly to its close; but as he proposed also to continue, for the behoof of those to whom he was indebted, the exercise of his pen in the same path of literature, so long as the taste of his countrymen should seem to approve of his efforts, it appeared to him that it would have been an idle piece of affectation to attempt getting up a new *incognito*, after his original visor had been thus dashed from his brow. Hence the personal narrative prefixed to the first work of fiction which he put forth after the paternity of the 'Waverley Novels' had come to be publicly ascertained: and though many of the particulars originally avowed in that Notice have been unavoidably adverted to in the prefaces and notes to some of the preceding volumes of the present collection, it is now reprinted as it stood at the time, because some interest is generally attached to a coin or medal struck on a special occasion, as expressing, perhaps, more faithfully than the same artist could have afterwards conveyed, the feelings of the moment that gave it birth."

The preface of October 1827 is reprinted, and the author continues:—

"Such was the little narrative which I thought proper to put forth in October 1827; nor have I much to add to it now. About to appear for the first time in my own name in this department of letters, it occurred to me that something in the shape of a periodical publication might carry with it a certain air of novelty, and I was willing to break, if I may so express it, the abruptness of my personal forthcoming, by investing an imaginary coadjutor with at least as much distinctness of individual existence as I had ever previously thought it worth while to bestow on shadows of the same convenient tribe. Of course, it had never been in my contemplation to invite the assistance of any real person in the sustaining of my quasi-editorial character and labours. It had long been my opinion, that any thing like a literary *pic-nic* is likely to end in suggesting comparisons, justly termed odious, and therefore to be avoided: and, indeed, I had also had some occasion to know, that promises of assistance, in efforts of that order, are apt to be more magnificent than the subsequent performance. I therefore planned a Miscellany, to be dependent, after the old fashion, on my own resources alone; and although conscious enough that the moment which assigned to the Author of Waverley 'a local habitation and a name,' had seriously endangered his spell, I felt inclined to adopt the sentiment of my old hero Montrose, and to say to myself, that in literature as in war,

\* He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all."

To the particulars explanatory of the plan of these Chronicles, which the reader is presented with in Chapter II. by the imaginary editor,

Mr. Croftangry, I have now to add, that the lady, termed in his narrative Mrs. Bethune Balliol, was designed to shadow out in its leading points the interesting character of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Murray Keith, whose death occurring shortly before had saddened a wide circle, much attached to her, as well for her genuine virtue and amiable qualities of disposition, as for the extent of information which she possessed, and the delightful manner in which she was used to communicate it. In truth, the author had, on many occasions, been indebted to her vivid memory for the *substratum* of his Scottish fictions—and she accordingly had been, from an early period, at no loss to fix the Waverley Novels on the right culprit. In the sketch of Chrystal Croftangry's own history, the author has been accused of introducing some not polite allusions to respectable living individuals: but he may safely, he presumes, pass over such an insinuation. The first of the narratives which Mr. Croftangry proceeds to lay before the public, 'The Highland Widow,' was derived from Mrs. Murray Keith, and is given, with the exception of a few additional circumstances—the introduction of which I am rather inclined to regret—very much as the excellent old lady used to tell the story. Neither the Highland cicerone Macturk, nor the demure washingwoman, were drawn from imagination: and on re-reading my tale, after the lapse of a few years, and comparing its effect with my remembrance of my worthy friend's oral narration, which was certainly extremely affecting, I cannot but suspect myself of having marred its simplicity by some of those interpolations, which, at the time when I penned them, no doubt passed with myself for embellishments. The next tale, entitled 'The Two Drovers,' I learned from another old friend, the late George Constable, Esq. of Wallace-Craigie, near Dundee, whom I have already introduced to my reader as the original Antiquary of Monkbarrow. He had been present, I think, at the trial at Carlisle, and seldom mentioned the venerable judge's charge to the jury without shedding tears,—which had peculiar pathos, as flowing down features, carrying rather a sarcastic, or almost a cynical expression. This worthy gentleman's reputation for shrewd Scottish sense—knowledge of our national antiquities—and a racy humour peculiar to himself, must be still remembered. For myself I have pride in recording, that for many years we were, in Wordsworth's language,

\* A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And 'George' was seventy-two."

*The Landscape Album; or, Great Britain Illustrated.* In a Series of Sixty Views, by W. Westall, Esq. A.R.A. With Descriptions of the Scenery, by Thomas Moule, Esq. London, Tilt.

THE title-page tells the story of this volume, which if it does not compete with the more finished class of the *Annals*, either in the character of the engravings or the originality of the literary matter, presents us with a very pleasing variety as regards the number and interest of its subjects, the brief but accurate descriptions which accompany them, and the moderateness of its price. Sixty prints of objects, all British, and most of them attractive, in consequence of their association with past or present events, at threepence a-piece, bound neatly up, and fairly explained, form a whole, which we think will and ought to be favourably appreciated by the public. We select one of the pieces as a specimen.

"The banks of the river Tamar, in the vicinity of Pentilly Castle, present a vast variety of bold and picturesque forms, enveloped in dense masses of umbrageous woods, or partially shaded by scattered groups of fine trees. This mansion is situated a few miles above Saltash, and about four miles from Collumpton, on an eminence which forms an abrupt bank to the waters of the Tamar. It was built by the present proprietor, on the site of an old manor-house belonging to the Tilly family; and was erected from designs by Wilkins, in what has been termed the Gothic style, which, it must be remarked, bears no affinity to the ancient domestic architecture of this country. The old houses display a totally different form from that of the design here adopted, with pinnacles and other enrichments of an ecclesiastical character: really, while so many examples of detail are to be found, it is remarkable that architects will not exert their judgment in selecting and applying appropriate decoration in their attempts to imitate the ancient style, rather than resort to the church or abbey for the characteristic features of a dwelling-house. The beauty of the surrounding scenery will, however, always render Pentilly Castle an attractive object. The declivities towards the river are every where luxuriantly wooded; fine tall elms and limes, picturesque from age, stretch their broad branches over the approach to the mansion. When viewed from the river, the back-ground presents a lofty bank adorned with a tower, in which, it is said, the remains of one of the former proprietors of the castle were buried, according to his own desire."

Mr. Moule's antiquarian intelligence is fit associate for Mr. Westall's correct delineations.

*A Letter to John Murray, Esq. from Lord Nugent, touching an Article in the last Quarterly Review, on a Book called "Some Memorials of Hampden, his Party, and his Times."* 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1832. Murray. This is a very caustic and clever piece of controversial criticism upon a review in the *Quarterly*, which Lord Nugent assumes to have been written by Mr. Southey. Most of the arguments are borne out by facts; and these are rendered more biting by references to Wit Tyler, and severe personal retorts upon the critic. As we in our humbler sphere, of stating impartially rather than criticising opinionatively, have held the balance even in regard to Lord Nugent's and Mr. D'Israeli's publications touching this important era of our history, we shall now only quote, as an example from this little pamphlet, a sort of paraphrase of Dr. Parr's celebrated philippic against Sir James Mackintosh.

"What remains of Mr. Southey's article is mere abuse—terms partaking of that figure of speech called balderdash; such as 'macradicalised whig,' 'lamentably bewhiggled,' 'party plender,' and the like. Now, my dear Murray, nicknames are full as bad evidence of good reasoning as of good manners. And, as for mere thundering invective, that is a weapon which every man may find ready to his hand for the mere pains of stooping for it. For instance, it would be easy for me to say this: There are imputations more injurious and more lasting than that of radicalism or whiggery. Mr. Southey may, if it please him, think me a radical;—at all events, he will not accuse me of being an

\* Mackintosh, as the story goes, had described O'Connor as the worst of men, which Parr denied, saying, "No, sir—he was an Irishman, he might have been a Scotman; he was a priest, he might have been a lawyer; he was a rebel, he might have been a renegade."

relegado. "He may accuse me of having been lamentably misled into whiggism; he will not accuse me of having been shamefully pensioned into Toryism. He may accuse me of being the 'bigoted worshipper of John Hampden;' he will not accuse me of being the apostate apologist of Wat Tyler:—

"Nay, 'art' he mouth it,  
I can rant as well as he."

*A small Edition of English Botany: containing the Plants of Great Britain, arranged according to the Linnaean Method, and briefly described.* C. E. Sowerby.

"OFFERED to the public with a view of meeting the general demand for such cheap publications as may tend to encourage a fondness for scientific and healthful pursuits amongst the less opulent classes." The original work by Sir James Edward Smith and James Sowerby, Esq. is well known; but its price puts it out of the reach of many persons to whom nevertheless botany would prove a very pleasing study. We wish this abridgment, which is very neatly executed, and which is to appear in monthly numbers, all the success it deserves.

*Family Classical Library.* Vol. XXXIV. pp. 332. London, 1832. Valpy.

The first volume of Euripides, Potter's translation; and containing the Bacchæ, Ion, Alceus, Medea, Hippolytus, and the Phœnician Virgins. In every respect this volume resembles its acceptable precursors.

*Book of the Constitution, with the Reform Bills Abridged.* By Thomas Stephen, author of "the History of the Reformation in Scotland." 12mo. pp. 422. Edinburgh, 1832, Stephens and Co.; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

A MOST useful constitutional epitome, and one for reference to the present time which cannot be too much commended. Electors, candidates, and indeed every citizen, is interested in the matters here very plainly set forth.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### NOTES ON COMETS.

*The Comet of Biela.*—This comet was discovered on the 27th of February, 1826, by M. Biela, at Josephstadt, appearing as a small round nebulosity; it was seen 9th March following by M. Gambart, at Marseilles, and afterwards observed at most of the European observatories. On determining the elements of this comet, it was soon found that these had a great resemblance to comets which had appeared in the years 1772 and 1805; a closer investigation proved the identity of the three. An anomaly, however, appeared in the period of revolution, which, in one of its returns, was completed in 2460 days, and in the other 2469 days; this inequality was found to be owing to the action of the planet Jupiter, near which the comet had passed in the years 1782, 1794, and 1807; allowing for these perturbations, and a similar influence in May 1831, the following are the elements, as calculated by M. Damoiseau:—

Passage of the perihelion, 1832, November 27-4808, Paris mean time, reckoning from midnight,

Longitude of the perihelion .....	109° 56' 45"
Longitude of the ascending node .....	248 12 24
Inclination .....	13 13 13
Eccentricity .....	0.7517481
Semi-axis major .....	3.53683

There is a probability, that had the comet of Biela have been about a month later in its

entrance on the plane of the elliptic, that a portion of its immense nebulosity would have mingled itself with our terrestrial atmosphere, and been detained by the attraction of the earth; the comet itself would probably have been arrested for a time, in the same way that the one of 1770 was kept within the powerful attraction of Jupiter for several months; and, like the same remarkable body, have the elements of its orbit deranged, leaving those of our planet unaffected. It is suspected that the immense atmospheres of the asteroids have been thus acquired; and some have conjectured that the ring of Saturn has been formed by the immense nebulosity of a comet, attracted by the planet, and thrown off in a series of zones by the swiftness of the rotation of Saturn.

The nodes of the comet of 1744 were within half a degree of the nodes of Mercury; but there was the difference of about a week between the times of these bodies coming to their respective nodes: when they were nearest each other, the comet was distant from the planet a fifth-part of the distance of the earth from the sun, and almost twice as near to the sun as Mercury was; the magnitude of the comet was judged to be at least equal to that of the earth; it was more luminous than Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens. On the 8th of February, it equalled Jupiter in brightness, and some days after it did not yield in splendour to Venus; its tail extended 16° from its body, and in length about twenty millions of miles: at the commencement of March it was seen by several persons one hour after the sun had passed the meridian. From the calculated places of Mercury agreeing with the observed places, it was found that this comet had no effect on the planet.

According to some German philosophers, the equilibrium of the atmosphere was disturbed by the comet of 1811, the effects of which are continued to the present time. This comet, however, never entered the earth's orbit, its perihelion distance being 1.0354445, and its nearest approach to the earth was forty-seven millions of leagues. These philosophers state, that its appearance in 1811 was immediately succeeded by several years of thunder, wind, rain, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, particularly occurring in Southern Asia; at the extreme of the wet period, the cholera broke out in India, and its progress has since been marked with various meteorological phenomena indicative of a disturbed electricity acting in a particular direction, and by its influence encircling the globe as with a zone of death and desolation! May we not hope that the visit of the comet of 1832 will neutralise the baleful influence attributed to its bright precursor of 1811?

Sir Isaac Newton suspected that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and best part of our air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, is derived principally from comets; the vapour of which might spread itself over the planets that should be near enough, and be of use in restoring to them that humidity they incessantly lose. Dr. Halley was of opinion that instead of occasioning fatal catastrophes, the meeting with comets might be productive of new wonders and things useful to our earth.

Mercury frequently completes his course round the sun without being observed, owing to his close proximity to the solar rays; the same invisibility may often occur with comets in their advance to, and retreat from, the sun, being mingled with the bright effulgence of the sun's beams, as well as stealing on their

courses during a long succession of cloudy weather. Some comets also, from their nature, are probably unfit to reflect sufficient light to our earth, to render them visible. These causes must have combined very remarkably in the case of the comet of Biela, unless it be a new formation, as the place of its node is so very near the earth's path. If its existence and path be coeval with the creation of the world,—that is, unless it is a new formation, or a comet diverged from a different course, it must have crossed and re-crossed the earth's orbit more than seventeen hundred times since the creation of the world! The only visits on record in which it can be identified are 1772, 1805, 1826, and 1832. Its period is six years and three quarters, and its place of aphelion a little beyond the orbit of Jupiter.

At the distance of the moon, the comet of Biela would appear with a diameter twenty times greater than our satellite; were it not for its pellucid nature, it would afford a better explanation of the darkness at the crucifixion than a solar eclipse, to which some have ascribed it; the total darkness of which could not have continued more than four or five minutes. Were a comet in its perigee to come between the earth and sun, and be moving the same way with the earth, it would cause a darkness much more intense, as well as of a longer duration, than what would take place in any solar eclipse.

In the forty-third year before the Christian era a comet was seen by day, and considered by the Romans as the metamorphosed soul of Julius Cæsar, who had been assassinated a short time before. It was observed for several days rising about five in the evening, and shining with uncommon brightness. It was called Julium Sidus; and in commemoration of the prodigy a star was placed at the head of Cæsar's statue. The same comet is believed to have returned in the years 532, 1106, and 1690, and that its period is about 575 years. A celebrated cosmogonist considered this comet to be closely connected with the destinies of our world,—that it communicated a rotation to our planet at the creation by striking it obliquely—that it produced the deluge by enveloping the earth in its tail—and that it will ultimately wrap it in flames at the final consummation of all things.

In 1402 there appeared two very remarkable comets; the first so brilliant, that in March the light of the sun at mid-day did not prevent its being visible. The second appeared in June, and was seen a long time before sunset. It was pretended that this comet announced the approaching death of Jean Galeas Visconti: this prince, who had got his horoscope calculated in youth, was so struck with the appearance of this comet, that the fear incident upon this no doubt contributed to realise this prediction.

The brightest comet in the recollection of the present generation was the large and beautiful one that continued so long visible in the autumn of 1811. The influences attributed to this brilliant stranger are as varied as absurd; its supposed influence on the vintage of France is still perpetuated by the celebrated "comet wine;" according to a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1813, it had an effect, not merely on the harvest, to ripen the corn, but to communicate an unusual deliciousness to figs, melons, and wall-fruit; it exterminated the wasps for that season, deprived the flies of their sight, and improved the flavour of the venison. The same writer gravely adds,— "But what is very remarkable in the metro-

polis and about it, was the number of females who produced twins, and a shoe-maker's wife in Whitechapel produced four at a birth, all of whom," &c.!! The comet of 1811 was supposed to have shed an auspicious influence on the birth of the young Napoleon, and also to have been the baneful star that lured his father to his downfall. When the Emperor Napoleon was expostulated with by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, who expressed his belief that he must one day sink under the weight of that universal hatred with which his actions were surrounding the throne, Buonaparte led the cardinal to the window, opened it, and pointing upwards, said, "Do you see yonder star?" "No, sire," was the reply. "But I see it," answered Napoleon, and abruptly dismissed him.

Five comets appeared within the compass of four months in the year 1825, and yet that year is not remarkable for any meteorological phenomena: the comet of 1811, at the height of its splendour, did not throw upon the earth a light equal to the one-tenth part of that we receive from the full moon. The rays of this comet were concentrated to the focus of the largest lens, and acted on the blackened bulb of the thermometer, and yet no sensible effect was produced. It appears from a comparison drawn from a table of comets, recorded as visible between the years 837 and 1819, that twenty-four comets have passed between the sun and the orbit of Mercury, thirty-three between the orbits of Mercury and Venus, twenty-one between the orbits of Venus and the earth, sixteen between the orbits of the earth and Mars, three between the orbits of Mars and the asteroids, and one between the orbits of the asteroids and Jupiter. The number of comets actually observed is about five hundred, but the whole number that traverse the system is supposed to amount not merely to thousands but to millions! This statement seems too vast for credibility; but a rigid calculation intimates that there are millions of comets whose perihelia are within the orbit of Uranus; and we have no reason to doubt but that there are many whose perihelion distance is without the orbit of this remote planet!

Some conjecture that comets are appointed to demolish decaying planets, or to supply them again with materials for building them anew; others that they are so many hells to punish the damned with perpetual vicissitudes of heat and cold. We should rather incline to consider them the most glorious abodes in the solar system; if comets are tenanted with intellectual beings, they have doubtless the most splendid observatories for the contemplation of the wonders of the celestial canopy that can possibly be conceived, infinitely surpassing all aspects of the heavens as beheld from the planets, or even the solar orb itself. A comet, on its return to the sun, if moving in nearly the same plane with the orbits of the planets, combines all the diversities of the starry heavens that are peculiar to each planet, with every other possible variety resulting from a change of position. Returning from the fields of space, it slowly approaches the outer planetary orbits, surveys the system of Uranus, soars over the stupendous apparatus of Saturn, and sees the orb, rings, and satellites in their beautiful concentric arrangement; if detained (as was the comet of 1770) among the moons of Jupiter, it pries into the mysteries of its belts. The whole system of primaries and secondaries are, according to their positions, seen in succession, as crescent, half oval, or full orb; from being all at first inferior

planets they all in succession become superior: this view is on the supposition that the approach of the comet is nearly in the planetary plane,—if descending at right angles to the sun, the comet sees the whole system spread out beneath, and presenting a most sublime appearance.

A comet retreats so far from the sun that at its remotest point it must seem as a solitary wanderer amidst the firmament of fixed stars, all planetary bodies having disappeared long before it had reached its aphelion; the sun shines with diminished brilliancy, and with a scarce perceptible disc. An observer on the comet of 1680 has an astonishing variety of vicissitudes and extremity of changes; he sees the sun's orb as a vast globe felling the heavens, and in a lapse of 287 years beholds it dwindled to a point! the glowing orb on which he is stationed passes into the full effulgence of the solar glory, and bathes amidst its resplendent lustre; in its retreat, he ascends as in the chariot of a god above the orbits of Mercury and the whole train of planets, leaves Uranus at an immense distance behind and beneath, and glides away till the whole of these have quenched their brightness in the distance, and the sun's light itself has sunk into the subdued splendour of surrounding stars.

The revolutions of some comets are completed in much less time than, a few years since, was supposed; the comet of 1682, whose period is 75 years, was termed by Dr. Halley "the Mercury of comets." The following are some of the most remarkable; the comets of Encke, Biela, and Halley, are the only three whose returns have been satisfactorily verified:—Comet of Encke, 3½ years; comet of Biela, 6½ years; comet of 1770, 50 years, 5½ years, and 20 years (having had its original period disturbed by the action of Jupiter); comet of 1815, 74 or 75 years; comet of Halley, 75 or 76 years; (this comet is expected to return the latter end of the year 1835); comet of 1680, 575 years; second comet of 1811, 875 years; comet of 1769, 929 years; comet of 1807, 1713 years; first comet of 1811, 3383 years; and the comet of 1763, 7334 years. Though vast to the finite mind, the numbers, periods, and distances of comets, what are they but a drop in the ocean of infinity! a point in the abyss of eternal duration! What are thousands of years and millions of wandering bodies, but the duration of the splendour of a dew-drop before it is exhaled! There is time for all these movements in the countless ages of eternity, and there is space for all these revolutions in the ample dominions of the universe of God.

J. T. BARKER.

Deptford.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### KING'S COLLEGE.

THE academical session in the medical department of this promising institution was resumed on Monday, when Professor Green delivered a lecture, introductory to the whole course, before a crowded assemblage of medical pupils, as well as members of the profession and men of science. The lecturer opened his discourse by giving a brief outline of the origin of the learned pursuits, which, he contended, were founded upon a close and happy union of the sciences; without which, indeed, he argued, they could not possibly be said to exist.

He enumerated, as the three principal, law, divinity, and physic; and stated, that these having been entirely monopolised by the eccle-

siastrics in the earlier ages, became absolutely a matter of national consideration.

He next proceeded to trace their progress to Greece and Rome, where, in consequence of the overbearing power of tyranny and oppression, law degenerated into a hackneyed trade, and eventually sunk into degradation, together with the professions connected with it, under the weight of a system of military despotism. Beneath the genial glow of freedom, they were again revived, and, being stripped of their external mummeries, began to assume a more consistent and intelligent character, which the Reformation tended greatly to increase.

The sciences, however, still remained monopolised by the ecclesiastics, until, by the separation of the church, and the consequent diffusion of Christian knowledge, a system of physiology was gradually introduced, depending solely upon nature and experience for its support, and freed from the trammels of metaphysical reasonings, which had hitherto so mainly contributed to retard its progress. The professor then adverted to the inventions of the compass, the telescope, and the art of printing, as having opened a new era in scientific pursuits, and given to mankind the means of practical investigation and experience, without which nothing effectual was to be accomplished.

He mentioned the immortal Harvey as the most distinguished early anatomist; and in medicine, Boerhaave, Stahl, and Hoffmann, partook largely of his eulogiums.

The latter of these great physicians he regarded, he said, less perhaps for his superior genius than for his sagacity in applying his science to the living body, in the practice of what was useful to man, and founded on experience alone. Of the great John Hunter, who had introduced the important study of comparative anatomy upon the same unerring principles, he spoke in terms of the highest admiration. The learned professor particularly dilated upon the necessity and paramount importance of intimately blending the sciences with all the professions, without which none could succeed; and inveighed, in energetic language, against the vile practices of empirics and unprincipled pretenders to science, who could not be sufficiently reprobated or discarded from the profession.

Finally, he spoke with much respect of the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and, in drawing a comparison between them and the present metropolitan establishments, assigned to each its respective degrees of merit, according to its local situation, and the objects for which it had been instituted.

The professor concluded his long and highly interesting discourse by strongly recommending the close and cordial union of all the professions, so intimately connected as they are by general and universal science, so that they might form a whole for the benefit of each; but, above all, he insisted upon the necessity of making religion a leading feature throughout, designating it as a chief and unerring support in the prosecution of any other profession.

We are gratified to learn, that the classes in the medical, as indeed in the other departments of the college, are daily increasing; and in the school alone, we have been assured that there has been an addition of upwards of fifty pupils since the 17th ult.; being an increase of one-fourth of the number with which it closed in August—a great proof of the satisfaction which the course of instruction pursued by its able masters has afforded to the public.



During the vacation, we understand that a reading-room and a good medical library have been provided for the accommodation of the medical students; to which, upon payment of a trifling fee, they may obtain perpetual admission. This is a great accommodation, and cannot but prove highly beneficial to the students generally, inasmuch as it will afford them an opportunity of acquiring book-knowledge at a cheap rate, and will moreover have the beneficial effect of confining them within the college walls when unoccupied with the lectures of their preceptors. A similar class-room is open to the law-students, containing, we were informed, some valuable law-books given by Lord Henley. There is also a very excellent museum of anatomy, &c. attached to the college, which we have visited, and which, together with the library, we are gratified to learn has been enriched with several valuable donations of books and specimens.

We are pleased to find that the river-front of the college, which will complete the *façade* of Somerset House, and render it a uniform building, is in a state of progress; and as we perceive, by the last advertisement, that the new subscriptions towards carrying this great national object into effect already amount to nearly six thousand pounds, we cannot but express our hope that the friends and well-wishers to the institution, as well as those whose good taste may have been offended by the want of uniformity hitherto existing at the eastern end of Somerset House, will supply the necessary funds for completing, at the same time, two of the finest buildings in the metropolis.

An introductory lecture to the study of botany was also delivered, on Wednesday, by Professor Gilbert Burnett; in the course of which he made some very interesting remarks on the properties of plants, fungi, &c., and their uses—whether for domestic, chemical, or medicinal purposes; classifying them in their order and genus, and illustrating his observations by the numerous specimens with which he was surrounded. His remarks and quotations respecting the sea-weed, the despised *algæ* of the ancients, so much esteemed in our own times for its valuable properties, were peculiarly apposite and edifying; and a graduated scale which he exhibited of a chain of nature, from the elements to man upwards, was very curious.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Illustrations of the Survey Zoological Gardens.* Drawn from Nature on stone, with descriptive Notices by W. H. Kearney. Part III. Schloss.

This part contains the wild ass, ruffed lemur, and the leopard. The same correctness, both in the drawing and in the execution of the animals, is displayed as in the preceding parts; and the action is in perfect accordance with the nature of the subject.

*Views of the Old and New London Bridges.* Drawn and etched by E. W. Cooke. Part II. Brown.

The favourable opinion of this publication which we expressed in our notice of the first part, has been confirmed, and more than confirmed, by its successor. The "Steps of New London Bridge, St. Magnus, the Monument, and part of the old bridge;" the "Demolition of the Great or Chapel Pier of old London Bridge;" and the "Southwark end of old Lon-

don Bridge," are all strikingly picturesque, and are executed with a masculine vigour and freedom which we have never seen surpassed. Mr. Cooke is especially happy in the manner in which he groups, and avails himself of his accessories. This is particularly observable in the second of the plates to which we have adverted.

*Sketches in Italy.* Drawn on stone by W. Linton. No. XII. London: Moon, Boys, and Graves; Colnaghi, Son, and Co.; and Rodwell.

It must be matter of gratulation to all who are interested in the improvement of the fine arts, and the encouragement of native talent, when undertakings of "pith and moment" are brought to a successful issue; and such we consider to be most decidedly the case in the present publication. Our comments have kept pace with the numbers as they appeared: in all we have found matter for commendation; and whether viewed severally or collectively, we are warranted in saying that the artist has well redeemed his pledge, which, it will be remembered, was to give fac-similes of sketches. All who have seen them must acknowledge the fidelity of their representation. We mention this, as it often happens that some are apt to make undue comparisons, or to expect in sketches a finished performance; but whatever opinions may be formed on this point respecting the work before us, we feel ourselves bound to assert, that, in every efficient quality, these drawings convey to the mind of the artist and the amateur the perfect character of the scenes thus represented, and the effects under which they were taken. In many of them the execution and effect are so complete, that, seen at a proper distance, nothing appears wanting either in tone or finish; and from the abundant store of objects which this classic land affords, a selection has been made, both of novelty and of interest, differing in most, if not in all respects, from the views furnished by other artists or tourists. Nor has it been Mr. Linton's transient glance that has enabled Mr. Linton to accomplish this object; but he has evidently devoted a sufficient time of residence on or near the spot to acquaint himself with its localities, and their adaptation to the pencil and the pen.

This number contains, Lake of Albano and Castle of Gandolfo; Cormayeur; Frascati; the Temples of Vesta and Fortuna Virilis, Rome; Grotta Ferrata; the Forum; Rome from the Pincian Hill; Monte Compatri or Compatro. These, with two vignettes—view from the Col de Seigne and Ferrara the ducal palace—together with a map of Italy, and the route taken by the artist, conclude the work.

As examples of a tasteful choice, and that full and complete effect which, as we have observed, belong to many of these views, we would quote in the present number Grotta Ferrata; the Forum; Rome from the Pincian Hill; and Monte Compatro. In recommending this superb work to the encouragement it so deservedly merits, it would be unjust to omit mentioning the beauty and elegance of its typographical character, and the handsome way in which the whole is got up.

*National Portrait Gallery.* With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., &c. Part XLII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

The present part of the National Portrait Gallery contains portraits of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, from a picture by G. L. Sanders; John Ker, Duke of Roxburghe, from a picture by W. Hamilton, R.A.; and Francis Jeffrey, Esq. from a picture by Colvin

Smith. Of the memoirs, it is probable that that of the Scottish duke will be considered the most interesting, in consequence of there not having hitherto been any biographical notice of that distinguished nobleman, so celebrated for his attachment to old English literature and typography. The following anecdote is strikingly illustrative of his loyalty and disinterestedness:—

"His majesty (George III.) had, in early life, promised to bestow upon him the office of keeper of the great seal of Scotland, which happened to fall vacant at the time that Mr. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) directed the system of government as applied to the northern portion of the empire. The secretary accordingly went to the king, and requested the appointment for the Duke of Gordon; when his majesty, remembering his promise, informed Mr. Dundas of it, and expressed his determination to give it to Roxburghe. But it is not always, perhaps not often, in our limited monarchy, that the king can have his own way; and Mr. Dundas respectfully represented, that it was necessary for the support of the ministry to select the Duke of Gordon; and, besides, that the Duke of Roxburghe was now rich, and not in want of the post. Still his majesty, faithful to his word, resisted the proposed substitution; and at length only consented to the secretary's waiting upon his nominee, and explaining the circumstances to him. The result was, that his grace expressed his warmest gratitude to his royal friend, and his cordial happiness that, in relieving him from his pledge, he was able to render a service to his majesty's government. The king was loud in stating the sense he entertained of this disinterested sacrifice, and of the obligation he felt in consequence; nor could his esteem be lessened in future years, when he could say of his noble and faithful servant, that 'he was always glad to see him, for he never asked a favour!'"

It is mentioned in Chambers' memoir of Sir Walter Scott, and also in a subsequent page of St. John's, that he procured him "many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburghe, who gave him the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name."

*Cours d'Etudes de Dessin; d'après les Dessins originaux de M. Lemire, aîné, Peintre d'Histoire, chargé de l'Enseignement du Dessin à l'Ecole Royale Polytechnique.*—A Course of Lessons in Drawing; after the original Designs of M. Lemire, sen., Historical Painter and Drawing-Master at the Royal Polytechnic School. In Six Numbers. Ackermann.

The importer of this publication has taken some pains to inform us that the study of the human head, beginning, of course, with the individual features, is better calculated to give the amateur a knowledge of the principles of drawing, than the study of landscape; a fact which we never doubted, and which has been invariably insisted upon in all our respectable academies, and by every competent writer on the subject. Nor are we without excellent examples for the novice; for instance, the drawing-book designed by Cipriani, and engraved by Bartolozzi. We prefer the earlier numbers of the work under our notice to the later. M. Lemire's countenances are purely French; not the slightest attempt being made to unnationalise them by an infusion of the chaste and dignified forms of the antique. The hair in Nos. 5 and 6 has the appearance of ribands. Let all who would acquire the true principle on which

hair ought to be represented, study the simple but tasteful masses into which it is thrown by Lawrence.

*Illustrations of Heath's Picturesque Annual.* 1833. Longman and Co.

WE have said in years bygone, that no efforts in this style of art could ever surpass those immediately before us; but on looking over this series of gems, we are inclined to retract, and to say that nothing before has been so excellent. Of the twenty-four proof prints before us, we know not which are the most beautiful. From the exquisite vignette of the Net-maker, to the last of the collection, the variety of subject, the truth and brilliancy of the views, and the mingled force and grace of execution, are so striking, that nothing but actual inspection can convey any idea of the perfection exhibited. The pencil of Stanfield never possessed more of interest and grace; and ample justice has been done to his delightful drawings by the able artists who have transferred them to the steel. We cannot now go into a nomination of the subjects; but we will state, that all of them are highly picturesque; and some of them most lovely. As a whole they are a treasure in art.

*Illustrations of the Keepsake.* 1833. R. Jennings.

ANOTHER performance of extraordinary beauty. A classic wreath and a fine medallion of the King, lead the way to fifteen pieces of very diversified character—female beauty, pathetic interest, landscape, humorous story, domestic scenes, poetical images, historical memories, &c. &c. as the literary portion of the volume has required. Not yet possessing that portion, we can only speak generally of its illustrations, which are of the foremost order in productions of this kind, and enough to recommend the volume to which they belong to as extensive a popularity as any Annual has yet attained. Perhaps the *Picturesque Annual* is superior in art as in the numbers of its attractions, but the drawings, the *Keepsake* will be as acceptable as both publications must be to the amateur.

*Tombleson's Views of the Rhine:* with Letter-press Descriptions in the English, French, or German Language. Edited by William Gray Fearnside, Esq. Virtue.

THIS publication, from No. 1 to No. 8 (the last number under our notice), presents many well-chosen and interesting views, executed in a style that, considering the price at which the work is sold, is quite astounding. The descriptions contain a great deal of information that must prove highly valuable to the traveller.

*The Byron Gallery.* Part III. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is, in our opinion, decidedly the best number of the Byron Gallery that has hitherto appeared. There is great beauty in the illustration of "Manfred," by Howard; of "the Dream," by Corbould; and of "Parisina," by Wood; and the illustration of the "Hours of Idleness," by Richter, is full of charming simplicity and taste.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

As usual, the periodical press in every corner of the country overflows with the leading topic of the day, the death of Sir Walter Scott, memoirs of his life, the state of his affairs, poetical tributes to his genius, his funeral, propositions for monuments, subscriptions, &c.

&c. &c. Among all those which we have seen, it is but justice to acknowledge that nothing like the Supplement to *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, obligingly sent to us, has come under our notice. It is indeed highly creditable to the talents and exertion of the editor; and for threepence gives us a most satisfactory history of the lamented dead. Mr. Chambers, from his locality and acquaintance with Sir Walter, as well as from his own literary and antiquarian pursuits (which Sir Walter warmly befriended), was possessed of ample and authentic materials for his purpose; and he has used them well. This sheet of twelve pages, three columns in each, contains letter-press which would make a tolerable-sized octavo volume. It sets out with the parentage of the deceased, and proceeds, without affectation or bombast, to present a clear, manly, and impartial account of his early scenes, his education, his professional steps, his political bias, his first literary efforts, his many publications, his private life and national honours, his editorial labours, his pecuniary misfortunes, his consequent exertions, his visit to the continent, his last illness, his death and funeral, his personal appearance, and his personal and intellectual character. To produce so interesting a narrative within so short a space is, we repeat, highly creditable to our contemporary; and we take pleasure in lending our aid to make his merit known. And as his sheet is within the reach of all classes, and will no doubt be universally read, we shall only mention from it, that Abbotsford is entailed upon Major Scott, his eldest son, who married Miss Jobson with a considerable fortune; that 22,000*l.* falls to his creditors from life insurances; and that previous dividends paid upon his debts, amounted to 11*s.* 8*d.* in the pound, so productive had been his works since 1825. Thus 54,000*l.* had been paid off; the insurances will add 22,000*l.* more, making a total of 76,000*l.* in seven years. To 22,000*l.*, upon which there must be a large sum of interest; but altogether this statement affords a fair hope that by honourable arrangement, and a well-warranted appeal to public feeling, the debt of gratitude we all owe to the author who has delighted our hearts and adorned our age, may be nobly discharged, and his name and race be established in a manner befitting them and the country.

#### DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MONDAY, October 1st, was, besides pheasant-shooting, a busy theatrical day. A new tragedy here; the opening of Covent Garden, and a grand new spectacle; the opening of the Adelphi with a new piece, and two new imports; the opening of the Olympic, and a new burletta; and the Strand Theatre giving *Captain Stevens* and *The Loves of the Devils*—both novelties, if not (for we are not sure in the midst of these distractions) belonging to the precise date assigned.

Among these claims to critical attention, the precedence is due to the tragedy. It is called *the House of Colberg*, and the author is Mr. Serle, a performer of considerable talent, as well as a dramatic writer, whose *Merchant of London* was played with success last season, and we believe published, so that an opportunity might be afforded of ascertaining its poetical merits more effectually in the closet than they could be on the stage. Not having seen it,

however, we can only speak of the stage impression upon us in both instances. Thus judging, the *House of Colberg*, though ably written after the manner of our elder dramatists, did not appear to us to contain such striking passages as we remember in the former production: in short, nothing was left upon our mind at the close, except what was owing, in a few instances, to the power (we had almost said the terrible power) of Macready. The construction of the tragedy is very simple, and there is decidedly far too little of variety in the passions delineated, and in the action, to support a five-act play with interest to the end. *Colberg* (Macready), a reigning prince, of decayed fortune and proud spirit, desires to marry his daughter *Agnes* (Miss Phillips) to the son (Mr. Cooper) of his old friend and companion in arms, the sovereign Prince of Eisbach, in order to restore his rank and consequence; in every way a suitable match, as the young prince has met the lady at court, and become enamoured of her. But she, meanwhile, has formed a reciprocal and fervent attachment with *Frederick Rosen* (Mr. Stanley), the captain of her father's archers, and the son of one of his serfs, who, in some battle, had saved his life at the expense of his own. *Colberg* opens his views to his daughter; she declares her passion for *Rosen*, but to avert his ruin, consents to sacrifice her love on the altar of filial affection. A scene ensues, in which she communicates their fate to *Rosen*, who also nobly resolves to sacrifice his hopes. The *Prince of Eisbach* arrives, and becomes master of these secrets: and he, too, magnanimously yields his own happiness to make the lovers happy. He repurchases *Colberg's* estates, and bestows them in dower upon his daughter, whom he privately unites to his rival. So far, all is generous and promising; but then comes the storm. The haughty soul of *Colberg* spurns this degrading arrangement; and in his fury he slays *Rosen*—*Colberg* goes mad, and dies in the arms of her dotting and despairing father. It will be seen that there is little room for interest in this meagre plot. The sameness of self-sacrifice after self-sacrifice is not sufficiently diversified by the different positions of the parties,—after all, it is but one passion, or rather a single quality, which is portrayed. The play, therefore, though deserving of praise, and the attempt of encouragement, can never be popular: it has not stamina for a favourite, and indeed the applause which it received on its first representation was chiefly extorted by the masterly acting in *Colberg*.

We have been more than surprised to read the remarks of some of our contemporaries upon this admirable personation, in which such just conception and beauty of execution were exhibited. We could hardly believe they had witnessed the performance, when they depreciated so splendid an effort. The rage of *Colberg's* interview with *Eisbach*, when his daughter's marriage is told—his compunctious feelings, expressed by the countenance far beyond the language of the poet, after the murder of *Rosen*, especially where he rises from his chair, sits again, and at last rushes from the chamber—his utter horror on discovering his daughter's insanity—and his final grief in uttering the words, "Poor dead thing!" were never surpassed upon the stage. As we do not suppose the *House of Colberg*,

\* In the midst of his rapture in hearing that she lives, she approaches with a vacant smile; and all his hopes at once destroyed, he fixes a despairing look upon her and exclaims, "O God! 'tis madness." We never heard four words produce so electrifying an effect.

even with this support, can stand long, we shall not encroach upon our page with farther comment; but merely notice that Miss Phillips exerted herself greatly, and both in look and acting fully sustained her high reputation: Cooper was all that the *Prince of Eisbach* could be; and Stanley, with something of an Irish accent, gave full effect to the misfortunes of Rosen.

The scenery by Mr. Stanfield was beautiful. The ancient hall of Colberg, the chamber and garden, and indeed every scene, afforded a most appropriate and charming specimen of the perfection to which this important accessory of the drama is now carried. We had almost forgot to say, that the introduction of a statue of the dying gladiator, with allusions to it, at the beginning, is excessively artificial; and the matter was not mended by modern harps and lutes lying strewed about the same chamber. There was a sad want of keeping in a musical instrument lying at the gladiator's feet; as if he had been playing upon it, instead of engaged in mortal combat.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

THE management made a stumble on the threshold by trying a new *Shylock*; which was, however, redeemed by the success of *His First Campaign*, a piece most skillfully adapted to the circumstances of the theatre by Mr. Planché, whose unflinching tact is as conspicuous upon such occasions as are his talents when productions of a higher order are brought forward. Of the *débutant* we would say little: he is young, and we are told, possesses many requisites for a prominent pursuit of his profession; but he was very unfortunate in his first attempt, and *requiescat in pace* must be its epitaph. With regard to the military spectacle which followed with so much *éclat*: as critics have been prone to identify Lord Byron with his writings, so it is hardly possible to avoid connecting the individual, Laporte, as new lessee and manager, with this production, so full of spirit, and enterprise, and splendour. The house itself is fitted up with a brilliancy which promises that neither expense nor exertion are likely to be wanting under his charge; and the whole appointments of the stage are as magnificent as they are correct. But of these things anon. The story of the spectacle is simply a portion of a campaign under Marshal Turenne, in which the Duke of Monmouth commanded the English allies of the French against the Dutch, and Captain John Churchill, afterwards the famous Duke of Marlborough, distinguished himself by his brave exploits. In performing one of these, he departs from orders, attacks and destroys a convoy which Turenne had secretly permitted to pass as a manoeuvre to mislead his enemy; and thus frustrates the whole plan of the marshal's campaign. He is consequently arrested in the midst of his victorious exultation, and is about to be brought to trial; when in an interview with Turenne, who is still the ardent friend and admirer of "his handsome Englishman," he points out some measures of such masterly tactics, that a reconciliation takes place, and the war proceeds on his suggestions. As part of this, he heads a forlorn hope in an assault on Nimeguen; the triumph of which ends the drama. This triumph, and his escape from destruction, however, is achieved at the cost of the lives of his comrade in arms, the French *Lieut. Victor*, and of his cousin *Estelle de Marsin*, who is passionately attached to Churchill, and devotes herself, in disguise, to spring a mine, which destroys her, but saves

the object of her love. An amusing episode is connected with the main story, in the defence of a mill by a garrison consisting of a French sergeant, a little English drummer, and a pretty sutler, who have one prisoner, a Dutch spy, a relative and suitor of the latter. This is made extremely whimsical by the performance of Laporte, Miss Poole, and Miss H. Cawse; whose sturdy resistance, capitulation, and marching out, with all the honours of war, were rewarded with the more agreeable dramatic honours of peals of laughter. In the graver parts we must speak with most unqualified praise of the acting of Mr. Warde in *Turenne*, a vivid and soldierly representation throughout, and in best situations wonderfully effective. One of these is extremely dramatic, where Churchill indicates on a map spread before them, the operations with which he would redeem the campaign. This was admirably done; but only superior to the rest as it afforded a higher opportunity. Mr. Forrester, in *Churchill*, was very respectable, in the true sense of the word, not as a diminutive of approbation, as it is often accounted in dramatic criticism. His face is too handsome for strong expression; and our readers will please to remark, that regular and good features are not so well suited to depict the struggles of great emotions, as less favoured and more marked visages. In the one case, that which pleases becomes distorted; in the other, that which has produced no perceptible impression becomes animated with new soul, and can display the varieties of passion with force, and without deformity. Mr. Forrester's line is, as a *sequitur*, light comedy. The other characters were all sustained with a veri-similitude very rare where so many are engaged. Miss Taylor's *Estelle*, Perkins' *Victor*, Bartley's *Major Marsin*, Mitchell's *Mrs. Branagan* (an Irish sutler), and Turnour's *Jan Peer* (the Dutch spy), were all, what they ought to be, in excellent hands; and the perfect propriety of the costume, in every point, added surprisingly to the scenic illusion. This minute attention to costume deserves to be especially applauded—it is a great merit; and when we say that the scenery (by Grieve) was equally accurate and superb, we have only paid a just tribute to the liberality and talent displayed in both instances. The battered mill, and siege and storming of Nimeguen, were almost real: several hundred combatants mounted the breach, in the midst of most warlike operations. The music is pretty enough in the songs and glees, and characteristic (though rather noisy) in other parts. Altogether, as repetition on Wednesday proved, Mr. Laporte will find this, *His First Campaign*, so attractive, that he may well wish it to be an omen of his first campaign throughout at Covent Garden. We had nearly forgot a ball scene, most superb, and some good French dancing by Guérinot, Adele, and others.

On Wednesday, the play was the *Hunchback*, with Miss Ellen Tree as the heroine, and the rest of the cast as before. Comparisons, they say, are odious, though it is difficult to criticise this part without reference to prior occupants; yet we shall only observe, that Miss Tree gave us no cause of regret throughout her entire personation of this arduous character. Several of the very striking points she did not mark out so highly as Miss Kemble; yet she was very impressive in all, and in various places supplied new graces and new lights. Altogether it is a beautiful and finished performance. Miss Taylor, in *Helen*, improved upon her former excellence in the part; and Abbot's

*Modus*, (one of those secondary parts which it is most difficult to enact well,) shewed how advantageous it is to the drama to have able performers who will do other characters below Richards, Macbeths, Hamlets, and Romeos. Mr. Knowles made no difference in *Master Walter*; so we might conclude, like a custom-house return, the *Hunchback* as per last.

#### ADELPHI.

A HAUNT of continued amusement and laughter, the Adelphi has commenced as it left off, with popular productions, acted in a very superior manner. *Rip van Winkle*, founded on Washington Irving's well-known tale, with a prodigious increment of other matter relating to Henrick Hudson's spectre ship and American electioneering—is a drama more recommended by the style in which it is performed than by its incidents. *Rip* (Yates), escaping from a shrew, his wife (Mrs. Daly), instead of falling asleep after bowls with the mountain spirits, is carried off by Hudson (O. Smith) for twenty years, as his helmsman; leaving his daughter, a child, betrothed to the son (Hemmings) of *Peter Schuyp* (W. Bennett), if not cancelled within twenty years. Young Schuyp turns out a *roué*, and *Rip* is freed from his supernatural fetters only in time to annul the contract, liberate his daughter from a hateful union, see her claimant borne off to succeed him at the helm, and die. The intermediate space and business of the stage are filled by J. Reeve, as a brigadier and storekeeper, candidate for a seat in Congress, and his opponent Buckstone, with their adherents, in the contested election. The principal feature in the piece is the acting of *Rip van Winkle*,—his pusillanimous submission to his tergiversant in the first act, and his extraordinary change to age and decrepitude in the last. Both are replete with dramatic talent. The scenery is also very good; and the phantom vessel and its spectral crew quite in the popular style of the Adelphi. Of *Cupid* we need only repeat, that the audience laughed at it from beginning to end, as they did at the Olympic, and that Reeve is as great a god as ever; nor could he be less with such a mother as Miss Daly, and such a *Slykey* as Mrs. Honey. The former of these actresses has been rapidly and progressively improving; and with a fine person and appearance, fills the multifarious business assigned to her with uncommon talent and great promise. In the *Pet of the Petticoat* Mrs. Fitzwilliam displays first-rate comic powers; and is capably supported by Buckstone as the Dancing-Master, W. Bennett, as the Gardener of the Convent, and by as pretty a train of parlour-boarders as we have often seen assembled on any stage. The piece goes off with prodigious *éclat*, and well merits all the applause bestowed upon it.

#### OLYMPIC.

THE novelty produced at this theatre is a burletta, by Mr. Charles Dance, and entitled the *Water Party*. It does great credit to the talents of the writer, and is delightfully performed, especially by Mrs. Orger, who made her curtsy on the occasion in the part of *Mrs. Bulls*, an illiterate but kind-hearted citizen's wife. The *Water Party* is not only agreeable from its adherence to actual life, and the *naïveté* of the dialogue, but possesses a merit, altogether unusual in the class of drama to which it belongs, in the clever delineation of character, and the contrast which it affords. The two Deputy's ladies are well drawn and well opposed to each other; the one, *Mrs. Figgins* (Mrs. Knight), better educated, but vain, gossiping, and heartless;



and the other, *Mrs. Butts*, raised from low degree, but overflowing with the milk of human kindness. The ladies have two daughters, Miss Pincott and Mrs. Bland, and these two fathers, as already stated, Mr. W. Vining and Mr. Wyman, and also two lovers; and the whole proceed in a boat upon a water party up the Thames, in company with a capital fellow, viz. Mr. Liston, as *Anthony Charles Fluid*, a retired hair-dresser. As usual, there is a pelting rain, and other misadventures, in the midst of which the love-affairs of the burlesque go on; and at last the sweethearts are made happy, and the curtain descends before a well-pleased audience.

#### STRAND THEATRE.

*Captain Stevens* is a smart little piece, well suited to variegated the evenings' entertainments at this snugger; and the *Loves of the Devils* (by Mr. Rede), a very clever, radical sort of burlesque, hitting right and left at all topics of the times. The angel (from the *Loves of the Angels*) descends to the lower regions, à la Juan, and makes those quarters too hot to hold him, and the Olympic deities who have also gone below. They are restored to earth, and in human affairs produce a comical and often witty confusion. A Mr. Manders, as a stout Cupid, is a coarse, but laughable, caricature of Reeve; and, bating in the whole a vein of vulgarity, the talents of Mr. Rede deserve a public compliment.

#### VARIETIES.

*Ants.*—On the last day of July the workmen in the port of Brest were driven from their dinner, and obliged to fly from the assault of an innumerable host of winged large black and small red ants.

*Law of Libel in Sweden.*—In Sweden, where the press is not permitted to take cognisance of every thing, public or private, as in our better-informed community, the chancellor has commenced a prosecution against Count Aldersparre, to try whether he is legally entitled to publish letters written by Count Wetterstedt and Lagerbjelke without their consent, in his seventh part of a Swedish historical work.

*The Scrap-Book.*—In our review of the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, we neglected to notice some very clever initial letters, cut in wood, and which give a very fanciful appearance to the pages where they are employed. The frontispiece has a portrait of the young Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria.

Mr. Pemberton delivered the last of a course of lectures illustrative of oratory, at the theatre of the Western Institution, on Thursday evening. A similar course he concluded last week at the City of London Institution. The efficient orator must drink at that fountain which springs within himself—from which all art flows—feeling. It is the simplicity of unrestrained, unembarrassed conversational manner, from which is produced all that is vigorous, elegant, or impressive, or inflammatory, in an orator's delivery. Mr. Pemberton abounds in figures—is too redundant; but many of them are rich, and all are vivid—sometimes highly humorous. He seems to be a reckless squanderer of poetical imagery and rhetorical figures; but he is also excellent at setting things in their proper light, and shewing them clearly. We heard him last spring talking to audiences of tens and fifties; in his discourses now, he is heard by half as many hundreds, who crowd the theatres of the Institutions on his lecture-evenings.

*The Jews' Harp.*—Our old friend M. Eulenstein, who has been settled for a long while at Bath, is about to give the good folks in the north a treat of his Jews' harp. His extraordinary performances on this instrument were originally noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, and, as well as Mr. E.'s musical compositions, have frequently since been the theme of our trumpet praise. We would wager a bodle that he will be better liked by our friends on the other side of the Tweed than the magic flute, the bagpipe, or even the national fiddle.

*Jacobite MSS.*—The *Edinburgh Observer* states that a very valuable collection of Jacobite MSS. has lately fallen into the hands of a literary gentleman of that city, and will shortly be published. Among them is a memoir by a principal agent of the Stuarts, previous to the 45, which, it is said, comprises many names hitherto unsuspected: also a narrative of the expedition in letters from Lord George Murray, and an authentic account of all that was discussed in Prince Charles's councils. Another remarkable document is a particular detail of the prince's adventures and escape; and one equally curious is his household-book, with every expense incurred from his arrival at Holyrood House to the battle of Culloden.

*Curious Coincidence.*—History is a great plagiarist; it often repeats itself. Events move in a circle, only they come back with a graver face. A fortnight ago (see *L. G.* p. 597) we quoted from Sarra'n's History of the late Revolutions in France a passage in which he was particularly eloquent about the enthusiasm of the people during the "three glorious days," and told us that women mingled in the fight, and even children took up arms. We have just found a parallel passage in Cardinal de Retz's Memoirs. The day of the barricades was equally glorious in his time; and, it seems, women and children were just as active during La Fronde. The cardinal, then the great ringleader of popular commotion, states:—"The movement was like a sudden and violent conflagration, which extended from Pont Neuf to all the city. There were more than two hundred barricades in Paris in less than two hours, hung with flags: every body, without exception, flew to arms. You saw children of five and six years old with the dagger in their hand—the arms, in many instances, given them by their mothers. I saw, among others, a lance dragged rather than carried by a little boy of eight years old."

*The Atmosphere of London.*—M. Darcet, in his recent visit to England, remarked with surprise the dazzling whiteness of the marble at the stone-masons' shops in London, which contrasted strongly with the surrounding objects. On examining the marble, he discovered that it had quite lost its polish and become slightly rough,—an effect which he could only attribute to the presence of sulphurous acid in the atmosphere of that great city. To assure himself of the correctness of this hypothesis, he placed a piece of litmus paper on his hat every morning before going out, and invariably found it reddened: some small pieces of the paper, which were exposed only a few minutes, were marked with a great number of red points. The existence of this acid in the atmosphere of London must be very prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants, and may, in some degree, account for the numerous cases of pthisia. It is curious that this fact should not have been noticed by the many physicians who have analysed the air of the metropolis. M. Darcet is occupied in examining the fossil coal of Eng-

land, in order to determine the quantity of sulphurous acid which must be disengaged by the combustion of that substance in London.—*From Le Cercle.*

*French Theatricals.*—During the month of August twenty new pieces were brought out at Paris, viz. one tragedy, one melo-drama, three dramas, and fifteen vaudevilles.—*Ibid.*

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Anatomical Studies and Fac-similes of original Drawings for the use of Painters and Sculptors, by the late John Flaxman, Esq., engraved in the line manner by Henry Landseer, Esq.  
Craven Derby, or the Lordship by Tenure, including the Lady of the Rose, an Historical Legend, by the Author of "Crockford's, or Life in the West."  
Journal of Locomotion, and Monthly Reporter of Patents and Improvements, edited by Alexander Gordon, Civil Engineer.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Twenty-six Illustrations to the Picturesque Annual, proofs, in a portfolio, 2l. 2s.; India proofs, 4l. 3s.; before letters, 4l. 4s.—Twenty-six Illustrations to the Keepsake, in a portfolio, proofs, 2l. 2s.; India, 3l. 3s.; before letters, 4l. 4s.—Landscape Annual, 1833, 2l.; green Morocco, large paper, 2l. 12s. 6d.: Illustrations to do, proofs, 3l. 3s.; India proofs, 3l. 3s.; before letters, 4l. 4s.—Goldsmith's Statutes of France, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—A Key to the French Genders, 18mo. 9d. sewed.—Geraldine Hamilton, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. 6d.—Wild Sports of the West, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 27	From 41. to 70.	30.14 to 30.06
Friday..... 28	41. to 67.	30.07 to 30.01
Saturday... 29	40. to 69.	29.99 to 29.92
Sunday..... 30	40. to 67.	29.99 to 29.93
October.		
Monday..... 1	48. to 65.	29.98 to 29.94
Tuesday... 2	50. to 63.	29.99 Stationary
Wednesday 3	41. to 62.	29.99 to 29.97

Wind S.W. and N.W., the former prevailing. Generally cloudy, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, .5 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. August 1832.

Thermometer—Highest.....	78.75°...10th.
Lowest.....	37.40°...36th.
Mean.....	57.31854
Barometer—Highest.....	30.04°...11th.
Lowest.....	29.98°...30th.
Mean.....	29.9311

Number of days of rain, 17.  
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 4.7093.  
Winds.—1 East—11 West—0 North—9 South—2 North-east—2 South-east—12 South-west—1 North-west.  
General Observations.—Only once in the last ten years has so much rain fallen in the month of August, viz. in 1829; the maximum of the thermometer was higher than since 1836, and the range greater than for some years in the same month; but the mean temperature, though less than last year, was above the average. The minimum of the barometer lower than any in the last ten years, yet the mean was not much below the general mean of the month. Thunder was heard twice in the month, on the 2d and on the 23d. A faint aurora borealis, seen on a hazy yellow tint, like that of the rising moon, on the 23d, from 9 until past 11 p.m.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A pressure of matter, and the necessary space allotted this week to our dramatic criticism, obliges us to postpone the conclusion of the Review of Byron, Vol. X., and several other articles meant for publication.

The attacks upon the *Literary Gazette*, alluded to by our correspondent Vindex, are too despicable to merit notice from us. Every person of sense is aware (and who cares for the opinions of fools?) that those who habitually impute dishonourable motives to others, are the most likely to be guilty of base conduct themselves. A dirty chandler may be perfectly in character when he puffs his own articles and cries down all other shops; but his inferior wares do not a bit the more improve upon the public. In literature, to repeat the lie continually, may hope that it may obtain some belief where readers may be as ignorant of circumstances as the slanderers are (or wilfully pretend to be) of facts,—is assuredly beneath contempt. The integrity of the *Literary Gazette*, above price and beyond bias, is well known to every publisher, artist, inventor or discoverer of novelty, in London; and we fearlessly challenge the wide world to produce one instance in which it has, during sixteen years, deceived by an unjust or false report.

ERRATUM.—In the Celestial Phenomena in our last, p. 618, col. 1, and of the first paragraph, for "Dec. 1794," read "Dec. 1847."

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—A beautiful Portrait of the Author of *Waverley*, engraved on Steel, by Thompson, from a Bust by Chantrey, will be delivered gratis with the Court Journal of this day, Saturday, October 6th, 1852, accompanied with a copious Memoir, prepared exclusively for the Journal, by an eminent Writer, who enjoyed a long personal acquaintance with the illustrious deceased.

A limited number of Proofs will be printed in an extra size, on India paper, price 3s. 6d.; and for these early application should be made to any Printers, Booksellers, or Stationers. Specimens of the Proofs may be seen at most of the respectable Booksellers and Newsmen in Town and Country, by whom Orders are received.

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On the Execution of Tenthings	Miscellaneous.
The Idea Church, &c.	Crickets—Eton against Winchester
Notices of the Olden Time.	Church Reform.
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The Proprietors of the Journal also beg to announce, that, for reasons stated in their 5th Number, they have reduced its size to a super-royal quarto of eight pages, in which form it will be published on and after the 8th of October.

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